Injured Nobility or the Unfortunate Mistress.
Wife in her Teens; or the Happy Slave.
The Fashionable Lover, a Comedy, by Mrs. Griffith.
The Suspicious Husband, a Comedy, by Dr. Hoadly.
The Jealous Wife, a Comedy, by Geo. Colman.
Orpheus & Eurydice. An Opera.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

TRAGEDY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

JUNIUS BRUTUS,

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane,*

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Conſulis imperium hic primus, ſævaſque ſecures
Accepit: *natoſque pater, nova bella moventes,*
Ad pœnam pulchrâ pro libertate vocavit,
Infelix ———————————
Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immenſa cupido.
Virgil.

Duncombe.

By Mr. *WILLIAM DUNCOMBE.*

LONDON,
Printed: And Sold by J. ROBERTS in
Warwick-Lane.

MDCCXXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable the

LORD ****

MY LORD,

MY Design in the following Scenes, being to excite a Zeal for Public Good, a Reverence for Law, and a Just Veneration for the Memory of that HEROIC

DEDICATION.

PRINCE, whom Providence raiſed up in the Day of Diſtreſs, to reſcue theſe Nations from Civil and Eccleſiaſtical Tyranny, and fix our Liberties on a firm and laſting Foundation; I know not to whom they can be more properly addreſs'd than to Your LORDSHIP, who have on all Occaſions ſo ſignally exerted the happy Talents of a clear Head and a manly Elocution, to vindicate the Rights of Mankind, and the Preſent Eſtabliſhment.

If *Dramatick* Poeſy were now apply'd to the ſame generous

nerous Ends as of old, it might be encouraged by Perſons of the higheſt Rank and ſtricteſt Morals, without any Blemiſh to their Characters, ſince it wou'd then enforce the Love of our Country, and every Social Virtue in the ſtrongeſt, and recommend them in the moſt engaging manner: And it is humbly hoped, that this Tragedy is in ſome meaſure calculated to ſerve thoſe Noble Purpoſes, for which it was honeſtly intended.

That Your LORDSHIP may long continue a Defence to the

DEDICATION.

Crown, a Guardian of Liberty, and an impartial Diſtributer of Juſtice, are the hearty Wiſhes of,

MY LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

moſt oblig'd, and

moſt obedient humble Servant,

February 3, 1734-5.

Wm. DUNCOMBE.

THE

PREFACE.

I *AM to acquaint the Reader, that this Play is form'd on the Model of Mr.* De Voltaire's *excellent Tragedy, entitled,* Brutus, *tho' with conſiderable Alterations and Additions, eſpecially in the Fifth Act. If with theſe it appears more agreeable to the* Engliſh *Taſte, I ſhall have no Reaſon to think my Time ill-employ'd.*

Mr. De Voltaire *ſays, in the Dedication to the* French *Tragedy, That it is ſurpriſing no* Engliſh *Poet ever writ a Play upon this Story, which he ſeems to think peculiarly adapted to the* Engliſh *Genius. But he was miſinform'd in this Particular; for Mr.* Lee *writ a Tragedy on the ſame Subject in the Reign of King* Charles *the Second, entitled,* Lucius Junius Brutus, Father of his Country; *which, after it had been thrice acted, was forbid by the Lord Chamberlain* Arlington, *as an Antimonarchical Play: But,*

if

if it had been allow'd, it cou'd not, I believe, have ſucceeded, unleſs by the Force of Party and Prejudice; for, beſides its being full of Rants, (which perhaps might be ſerviceable to it in the Repreſentation,) the Character of Brutus *is there ſo ſhockingly Severe, without any Softnings of Tenderneſs and Humanity, that (however vouch'd by Hiſtory) it can ſcarce ſeem natural to a diſcerning Audience, much leſs agreeable to a polite one.*

The whole is conducted in ſo different a manner from this Play, that all the Uſe I have made of it was to borrow two Lines in the Fifth Act.

I perſuade myſelf, that the Reader will be pleaſed with the following Quotation from my Lord Lanſdown's *Preface to his Tragedy, entitled,* Heroick Love. *'When 'we obſerve (ſays that elegant Writer,) 'how little Notice is taken of the noble 'and ſublime Thoughts and Expreſſions of 'Mr.* Dryden *in* Oedipus, *and what Ap-'plauſe is given to the Rants and the Fu-'ſtian of Mr.* Lee, *what can we ſay, but 'that Madmen are only fit to write, when 'nothing is eſteem'd Great and Heroic but 'what is unintelligible?'*

I had,

I had, at the Inſtance of ſome learned Friends, prepared Choruſes *for this Play, after the manner of the Ancients; but finding no Diſpoſition in the Managers of the Theatres to be at the Expence neceſſary for ſuch an Undertaking, was oblig'd to drop that Deſign.*

I am inform'd, that Mr. Galliard *has ſet to Muſick the* Choruſes *for the late Duke of* Buckingham's *Tragedy of* Julius Cæſar, *all writ by the Duke himſelf; and that Signior* Bononcini *has ſet thoſe to his Grace's Tragedy of* Marcus Brutus, *writ by the Duke and Mr.* Pope.

Whenever they are perform'd, I doubt not but they will convince the Public, more effectually than any thing that I cou'd offer, how Subſervient Muſick might be made to the Drama.

I cannot conclude without returning my humble and hearty Thanks to the Spectators, for their kind Reception of this Dramatick *Eſſay.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *MILWARD*.

THE Tragic Muſe ſubdues relentleſs Hearts,
Corrects light Mirth, and pleaſing Woe imparts.
Her ſoothing Strains with awful Pomp controul
The Pride of Pow'r, and humanize the Soul;
While guilty Mortals, with juſt Terror, view
The Tortures that their daring Crimes purſue.
Tho' lately baniſh'd from the Britiſh *Stage,*
She boldly now reſumes her gen'rous Rage.
When Infant Rome, *for warlike Arts renown'd,*
Began t'enlarge her Empire's narrow Bound,
A Prince aroſe who by no Laws confin'd,
Trampled on all the Rights of Humankind;
With unrelenting Rage enſlav'd the Land;
The People groan'd beneath his cruel Hand:
The Patriot-Citizens eſſay'd in vain,
The Torrent of his Fury to reſtrain.
Then BRUTUS, *rais'd by Heav'n for Public Good,*
Himſelf deſcended from the Royal Blood,
Stood forth t'aſſert the ſuff'ring Romans *Cauſe,*
And vindicate their violated Laws.

A foreign

A foreign Bard theſe Scenes in Britain *plann'd,*
Britain, *dear Liberty! thy Darling Land.*
The Genius of our Iſle here ſhines confeſt,
Which warm'd with Britiſh *Fire a* Gallic *Breaſt!*
Since, in Defiance of Deſpotic Sway,
A Stranger durſt ſuch gen'rous Truths diſplay,
It were a Crime to doubt of Your Applauſe,
Who are ſo happy to be rul'd by Laws.

THE PROLOGUE.

As it was writ Originally.

WHEN *Infant* Rome, *for warlike Arts renown'd,*
Began t'enlarge her Empire's narrow Bound,
A Prince aroſe who by no Laws confin'd,
Trampled on all the Rights of Humankind;
With unrelenting Rage enſlav'd the Land;
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Himſelf deſcended from the Royal Blood,
Stood forth t'aſſert the ſuff'ring Romans *Cauſe,*
And vindicate their violated Laws.
Here, faintly sketch'd, the Warrior Prince you'll ſee,
Who ſav'd theſe Realms from double Tyranny.
When pure Religion, *drooping, hung her head,*
And frighted Juſtice *from the Benches fled;*
When ev'ry Sacred Tye was wildly broke,
And Britain *bow'd beneath* Oppreſſion's *Yoke;*

With

With juſt Reſentment kindled by her Grief,
The generous Heroe flew to her Relief,
Redreſs'd her crying Wrongs, diſſolv'd her Fears,
And fixt her Liberties for Length of Years;
The Night of Superſtition *chas'd away,*
And gave to View fair Truth's *Meridian Ray!*
To Him we owe th' Illuſtrious Royal Race,
Who with mild Sway the Britiſh *Sceptre grace.*
JUSTICE *and* EQUITY *our Rights maintain,*
And, Uncontroul'd, with awful Splendor reign!
Britons, *with grateful Hearts your Freedom prize,*
And, as your Bleſſings, let your Joys ariſe!

[The following Lines were inſerted laſt Year, when his Highneſs the PRINCE OF ORANGE was in *England*.]

See! WILLIAM's *worthy Heir adorn our Iſle,*
Whoſe Reverend GENIUS *greets him with a Smile;*
Early he glows, in Arts and Arms to ſhine,
Gracing with Native Worth his Ancient Line,
While all the Muſes their glad Aid impart,
With ANNA's *Charms to fire his generous Heart.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Junius Brutus, Valerius Publicola,	*Conſuls.*	*Mr.* Mills. *Mr.* Berry.
Titus, *the Son of* Brutus.		*Mr.* Milward.
Cælius, *Ambaſſador from* Porſenna, *King of* Tuſcany.		*Mr.* W. Mills.
Meſſala, *a Noble* Roman, *the Friend of* Titus.		*Mr.* Theo. Cibber.
Silvius, Rufus,	*Senators.*	*Mr.* Winſtone. *Mr.* Turbutt.
Proculus, *a Military Tribune.*		*Mr.* Woodbourne.
Albinus, *a Friend of* Cælius.		*Mr.* Hewit.

WOMEN.

Lucia, *the Daughter of* Lucius Tarquinius, *commonly call'd* Tarquin the Proud, *the depoſed King of* Rome.	*Mrs.* Heron.
Hortenſia, *her Confident.*	*Mrs.* Pritchard.

Senators, Lictors, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *The Palace of the Conſuls at* Rome.

JUNIUS

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in the Palace of the Conſuls, with a Proſpect of the Capitol. The Senate are aſſembled before the Altar of* Mars. Brutus *and* Valerius *preſide as Conſuls. The Senators are ranged in a Semi-circle; and the Lictors, with their proper Enſigns, ſtand behind.*

BRUTUS.

YE brave Aſſertors of our Country's Freedom;
The Tyrants Scourge; diſdaining all Subjection
But to the Gods, and *Numa*'s ſacred Laws;
The great *Porſenna*, *Tarquin*'s *Tuſcan* Friend,
Who covers with his Hoſt the Banks of *Tyber*,
And ſcornful threatned to chaſtiſe the *Romans*,

At length begins to treat us with Reſpect.
Dreading the Valour of a free-born People,
He ſues to *Rome*. *Cælius*, whom he deputes,
Is juſt arriv'd, and asks immediate Audience.
He waits the Senate's Anſwer. Fathers, Say,
Shall we reject, or hear his Embaſſy?

VALERIUS.

However plauſible the Terms he offers,
Return him to his Lord without an Audience:
This I declare my Senſe. Henceforth let *Rome*
Diſdain to treat but with her vanquiſh'd Foes.
Your Son, 'tis true, th' Avenger of his Country,
Has twice repuls'd *Porſenna*'s fierce Attacks.
But this is not enough: *Rome*, ſtill beſieg'd,
Beholds the *Tuſcan* Camp ſpread round her Walls.
Let baniſh'd *Tarquin* firſt retire; and then
We'll weigh the Purport of his Embaſſy.
Deſpairing to ſucceed by open Force,
He now attempts to conquer us by Art.
I view Ambaſſadors with jealous Eyes:
Cælius is only ſent to ſpy our Weakneſs,
Or to ſeduce the *Romans* from their Duty.
Hear not his ſoothing Words and ſubtle Gloſſes;
Nor loſe by Treaties, what you win by Arms!---
Unskill'd in Fraud, O *Rome!* 'tis thine to fight.---
To aid the juſt, and root out lawleſs Kings;
To ſpare ſubmiſſive Foes, and quell the Proud;
Be theſe the Arts t'exalt thy riſing Empire!

BRUTUS.

Rome knows, how dear I prize her Liberty;
But tho' my Heart is fill'd with equal Ardour,

In this Debate I differ from *Valerius*.
I view this Embaſſy addreſs'd from Kings,
As the firſt Homage paid *Rome's* Citizens.
Let us awhile permit the Pride of Monarchs,
To treat with this Republick as their Equal;
Till, proſper'd by the Gods, ere long we teach 'em,
To own the Sovereign Pow'r of *Rome* as Vaſſals.
Cælius, 'tis ſaid, is ſent to ſpy our Weakneſs;
Why for that Reaſon let him be admitted;
Allow this ſupple Slave of lawleſs Power,
Here to converſe for once at leaſt with Men.
Let him ſurvey the Towers of *Rome* at leiſure;
In You he'll find our City's ſtrongeſt Bulwark.

[*The Senators ariſe, and move towards the Conſuls, to give their Votes.*

VALERIUS.

Your Senſe, I ſee, prevails. *Rome* and her *Brutus*
Ordain his Audience: I yield, tho' with Regret.
Lictors, conduct him in; and may our Country
Have no Occaſion to repent his Preſence.
[*To* Brutus.] On Thee alone the Eyes of all are fix'd;
You rouz'd us firſt to break our ſlaviſh Bonds;
Still vindicate the Cauſe of Liberty,
And ſpread around the generous Principles,
That warm and animate a *Roman* Breaſt!

SCENE II.

The Senate, Cælius, Albinus, *and Attendants.*

Cælius *enters, preceded by two Lictors and* Albinus. *He paſſes before the Conſuls and the Senate, whom he ſalutes, and ſtands in the Front of the Theatre.*

CÆLIUS.

Conſuls and Senators ——
I give you Thanks for the diſtinguiſh'd Honour,
Here to behold your Venerable Council,
And to approach this awful Seat of Heroes;
In Perſon to admire your ſhining Virtues,
And hear the Soul of *Rome* in *Brutus* ſpeak!
Far from the Clamours of that barbarous Crowd,
Whom a wild frantic Fury hurries on;
Inconſtant in their Love, as blind in Hate,
Who threat and crouch, are Lords and cringing Slaves,
All in a Day! — whoſe Inſolence ——

BRUTUS.

Hold, *Cælius!*
There is no Slave in *Rome.* Know you muſt treat
Her free-born Citizens with more Reſpect;
It is the Senate's Pride to repreſent
That virtuous People you ſo raſhly cenſure.
Your flatt'ring Arts will all be fruitleſs here.
That Poiſon, which corrupts the *Tuſcan* Court,
Is yet unknown among the *Roman* Senate.
Proceed.

CÆ

CÆLIUS.

Unmov'd by theſe imperious Words,
I look with Pity on your falling State,
And mourn the Woes to which you are expos'd:
I, as a Son of *Rome*, eſpouſe her Cauſe.
You ſee the dreadful Storm that low'rs around;
Titus in vain averts th'impending Blow;
His daring Hand (I ſpeak it with Regret)
Can only make your Ruin more Illuſtrious.
His Victories unman your feeble Walls;
The Blood of your own Soldiers fills your Trenches.
Why will you then reject a Peace ſo needful?
As you pretend t'aſſert the Cauſe of *Rome*,
Porſenna is the Friend of injur'd *Tarquin*.
Reflect, ye formidable *Roman* Sires!
Sagacious Patrons of the People's Rights!
You who judge Kings! Reflect, where now ye are!
See there the Capitol, thoſe very Altars,
Where heretofore, atteſting all the Gods,
Ye ſwore Obedience to your baniſh'd King.
Theſe Eyes beheld you, proſtrate at his Feet,
With loyal Ardour plight your Faith to *Tarquin*.
What Gods have then diſſolv'd a Monarch's Right?
What Pow'r can break a Tye, ſo ſtrong and ſolemn?
Who has releas'd you from your Oaths? ——

BRUTUS.

Himſelf.
Name not thoſe Tyes, his flagrant Crimes have broke;
His forfeit Title, and the Gods he mock'd!

Mankind are all, by Nature, free and equal;
'Tis their Conſent alone, gives juſt Dominion.
With what Pretence of Right can *Tarquin* claim
Reſpect and Reverence from the *Roman* State,
Which he ſo boldly labour'd to ſubvert?
Cælius, when we elected him our King,
We vow'd Allegiance, but not Servitude!
And ſince you call to mind, that in yon' Temple,
You ſaw the Senate plight their Faith to *Tarquin*,
Remember too, in the ſame ſacred Place,
In Preſence of the Gods, before their Altars,
He promis'd to maintain the Rights of *Rome*:
This was the Bond between the King and People.
Our Oaths are cancell'd by the Breach of His.
By violating Laws Divine and Human,
Tarquin alone rebells, and *Rome* is free!

CÆLIUS.

Should it alas! be true, that Sovereign Power
Has tempted him beyond the Bounds of Reaſon;
And that, deluded by this Siren's Wiles,
He fondly ſtray'd from Virtue's fairer Paths;
Where lives the Man, that does not ſometimes err?
Or where the King, exempt from Human Frailty?
But how dare Subjects, form'd by Heav'n t'obey,
Contend againſt th'Awards of Providence,
And with high Hand call Monarchs to Account?
What! ſhall a Son chaſtiſe a guilty Father?
With ſilent Grief he only mourns his Crimes!
And ſhall we pay leſs Reverence to Kings?
We are their Sons, the Gods alone their Judges.
If *Jove* ſometimes deputes them in his Wrath,

As Inſtruments to ſcourge a ſtubborn People,
Provoke him not to ſend ſeverer Judgments;
Nor change the Regal Power for Anarchy,
And by new-modelling the State, ſubvert it.
By ſage Affliction taught, (Man's beſt Inſtructer)
Tarquin will more conſult the Good of *Rome*.
You may, in laſting Peace and Union join'd,
Reſtore the Happineſs of King and People;
Then Liberty ſhall ſmile ſecure, and flouriſh,
Protected by your Monarch's milder Sway.

BRUTUS.

'Tis now too late: Each Country has its Laws,
Which, uncontroul'd, it abrogates at Pleaſure.
The *Tuſcans*, to their Kings and Prieſts enſlav'd,
Wiſh all Mankind as abject as themſelves.
The gen'rous *Greeks*, Patrons of Liberty,
By Arts and Arms ſwell the loud Trump of Fame.
The ſoft luxurious Race of rich *Ionia*
Bow down their Necks to trampling Tyranny.
The Kings of *Rome* were never Abſolute.
Numa, who gave us Laws, himſelf obey'd them,
We ſhare the Weight of the ſupreme Command.
[*He riſes.*
Great *Jove*, thou Sov'reign Pow'r! forgive the *Romans*
Their long Delay to paſs the ſolemn Sentence,
Againſt proud *Tarquin* and his impious Race,
For ever to exclude them from the Throne!
When, in Defiance of the Laws and Juſtice,
He wantonly deſtroy'd his Subjects Lives,
The Tyrant then depos'd the Legal King!

The *Romans*, preſt beneath his Iron Sceptre,
By Sufferings rouz'd, reſume their antient Courage,
And with One Voice diſclaim Deſpotic Sway.
The *Tuſcans* too, had they the Souls of Men,
Might learn from Us t'expell licentious Tyrants!

[*The Conſuls move towards the Altar, and the Senate riſes.*

O *Mars!* thou Tutelary Pow'r of *Rome*,
The Hero's Guardian, and the God of Battels!
Receive our ardent Vows, on thy dread Altar,
For this great Council, and the *Roman* People.
Should there be found among the Sons of *Rome*
A Soul ſo baſe, barely to wiſh for Bondage,
Or harbour the leaſt Thought to bring back *Tarquin*;
May the perfidious Wretch expire in Tortures;
And may his Aſhes, ſcatter'd by the Winds,
Leave nought beſide a Name, ſtill more accurſt,
If poſſible, than that of guilty *Tarquin!*

CÆLIUS, moving towards the Altar.

And I, on this ſame Altar you profane,
Swear, in the Name of your deſerted King,
And in *Porſenna*'s Name, his juſt Avenger,
Eternal War to all the *Roman* Race!

[*The Senators move towards the Capitol.*

Stay, Senators; I have not yet complain'd
Of all the Outrages I have in Charge.
Is *Tarquin*'s Daughter too, whom you detain,
Deſign'd a Victim for the *Roman* Safety?
Or do you load her Princely Hands with Chains,
T'inſult her Sire, and all the neighb'ring Kings?

Is

Is that Imperial Wealth, thoſe ample Treaſures,
From whence his Donatives ſo largely flow'd,
Now yours by Gift? or do you claim by Conqueſt?
Well you dethrone the King to ſeize his Riches!
Let *Brutus*, if he can, deny this Charge.

BRUTUS, turning himſelf towards Cælius.

Thou'rt yet a Stranger to the *Roman* Genius;
We, and theſe Senators, Foes to Corruption,
Have heap'd no Wealth, tho' hoary grown in Honours:
Take then the Gold: Let *Tarquin* revel with it,
Nor envy us our Poverty and Freedom. ——
Lucia, to Me entruſted by the Senate,
Enjoys not here, indeed, that Royal Pomp,
Thoſe flatt'ring Honours and luxurious Pleaſures,
Whoſe Siren Charms corrupt the tender Heart;
But all the kind Regard ſhe has receiv'd,
Due to her Sex, her Youth, and her Misfortunes.
She is permitted to return with You.
Henceforth may Nought in *Rome* belong to *Tarquin*,
But Public Hate, and Vengeance of the Gods!
To carry off th' Effects and Gold requir'd,
You are allow'd a Day; That muſt ſuffice;
In the mean while, my Houſe is your Protection:
Freely enjoy all Hoſpitable Rights.
You have the Senate's final Reſolution.
Acquaint *Porſenna* with our fixt Decree,
And bear to him from us War and Defiance!

VALERIUS to the Senate.

Proceed we now to crown the Capitol
With Laurel Wreaths, that deck'd the Brows of *Titus*.

There let us hang the Spoils and bloody Trophies,
His happy Hands have raviſh'd from the *Tuſcans.*
[*To* Brutus.] Thus may your late Deſcendants, with like Ardour,
From Age to Age, Triumphant fight for *Rome!*

BRUTUS.

Ye righteous Pow'rs! continue ſtill to bleſs
The glorious Cauſe of Freedom with Succeſs!

[*Exeunt all but* Cælius *and* Albinus.

SCENE III.

Cælius, Albinus.

CÆLIUS.

Didſt thou remark the Senate's ſtubborn Pride,
Who vainly think themſelves Invincible?
They would be ſo indeed, were Time allow'd 'em,
To cheriſh in their Sons this daring Spirit.
Albinus, the fair Plan of Liberty,
Which every Mortal ſecretly adores,
Inſpires the Soul with ſuch a dauntleſs Courage,
As they ne'er know, who feel the Weight of Bondage!
In *Tarquin*'s Reign a Flow of circling Joys,
Unſtrung their Nerves, and ſunk their Martial Ardour.
The King, employ'd in conquering his own Subjects,
Permitted us t'enjoy the Sweets of Peace.
But ſhould the *Roman* Genius once awake;
Should *Rome* be free; the Torrent of her Arms
Will with wild Rage o'erwhelm the neighb'ring Nations.

Theſe Lions, which their Maſters made ſo Tame,
Will whet their Fangs, and ſpring upon their Foes!
Then let us, by their Ruin, timely ſcatter
The gathering Storms, which threaten all *Heſperia*,
And may, ere long, diſturb the World's Repoſe.
For our own Safety, let us bind the *Romans*
In the ſame Chains which they would fix on others.
But will *Meſſala* come? May we confer?
And will he dare ——

ALBINUS.

This was the Place aſſign'd.
He'll ſtraight be here. *Titus* is his Support.

CÆLIUS.

But art thou well aſſur'd he may be truſted?

ALBINUS.

If right I know *Meſſala*, he conſpires,
Rather to change his own, than *Tarquin*'s Fortune;
And yet his Courage is as firm and dauntleſs,
As if inſpir'd by Thirſt of jealous Honour.
He's Maſter of himſelf, and of his Secrets,
Impenetrably cloſe, when moſt provok'd.

CÆLIUS.

In *Tarquin*'s Reign, when laſt I was at *Rome*,
I took him to be ſuch as you deſcribe,
And ſince his Letters —— But ſee! he here approaches.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Cælius, Meſſala, Albinus.

CÆLIUS.

Noble *Meſſala*, Hail! Thy Royal Maſter
Accepts thy duteous Zeal with warm Affection,
And bears a Heart that counts itſelf thy Debtor.
What! nor *Porſenna*'s Threats, nor *Tarquin*'s Gold,
Nor all th' alluring Charms a Court diſplays,
Can move the Senate! —— Are theſe Patricians
Exempt from Hope and Fear, and every Paſſion?

MESSALA.

So they pretend; but their affected Juſtice,
Their Scorn of Riches, and Contempt of Pleaſures,
Are nought but the prevailing Thirſt of Power.
On Crowns they trample with ſuperior Pride.
Theſe ſtrenuous Patrons of the *Roman* Rights,
Baniſh their King, to Tyrannize themſelves.
Under the ſoft, ſeducing Name of Fathers,
They haughtily affect the Pomp of Princes.
Rome has but chang'd her Bonds; and for One King,
Will in the Senate find a Hundred Tyrants!

CÆLIUS.

Are any of your Citizens ſo honeſt,
As to deteſt this loweſt Servitude?

MESSALA.

Few feel their Miſery; their giddy Minds
Are ſtill tranſported with this ſudden Change.
The meaneſt Citizen, with Want oppreſs'd,

Now

Now ſwells with Pride, as equal to his King.
Yet I've a Band ſelect of faithful Friends,
Who cannot brook the Yoke of theſe new Maſters;
Souls Reſolute and Bold, whoſe Hands and Hearts
Were form'd to ſhake, or change the Fate of Empires!

CÆLIUS.

Say, what may we expect from theſe brave *Romans?*
Will they aſſiſt their King?

MESSALA.

Fearleſs of Danger,
Their Lives and Fortunes are devoted to him.
Yet think not they, with Enthuſiaſtic Zeal,
Will hazard All to ſerve ungrateful Maſters.
Tarquin, they know, is prodigal of Words,
But when reſtor'd, they ſay, he'll ſoon forget,
Or hate, perhaps, the generous Hands that ſav'd him.
They know the Great too well. When in Diſgrace,
Cringing they ſooth the meaneſt of the Crowd;
But ſoon as Fortune ſeats them high in Honour,
They view with Scorn, at Night, the Darling Friend,
That in the Morn was tenderly careſs'd;
And treat their Vaſſals, as mere Tools of State,
Which, when their own ambitious Views are ſerv'd,
They throw diſdainfully away as Uſeleſs!
Hear then the Terms, on which my Friends will aid you.

They

They ask a Chief, whoſe well-eſtabliſh'd Fame
May win the Hearts of this inconſtant People;
A Chief ſo great, that ſhould we prove victorious,
He may oblige the King to keep his Faith;
Or, if we fall, boldly revenge our Deaths.

CÆLIUS.

If I remember right, your Letters mention'd
That *Titus* ——

MESSALA.

Titus is *Rome*'s chief Support,
The very Life and Soul of all the Party!
He is the Son of *Brutus* ——
And yet ——

CÆLIUS.

How does he brook th'unjuſt Requital,
He has receiv'd for all his gallant Actions?
His ſingle Hand ſav'd *Rome*; and yet his Merit
Could not procure a Conſulſhip. —
I know he was rejected ——

MESSALA.

And, I know, he murmurs;
His Blood boils high at this ungrateful Treatment.
The Generous Senate gives him no Reward,
Except the Noiſy Honour of a Triumph.
I've cloſely watch'd the Sallies of his Paſſions:
He's yet a Novice in the Field of Glory,
And may, by artful Management, be led.
Impetuous Youth is wrought upon with Eaſe.
But then maturely weigh, what Prejudices

We

We have to conquer; *Rome*, a Father, a Conſul,
The tender Senſe of Shame, and Fear to loſe
The Fame acquir'd by his illuſtrious Deeds.
Therefore ſtudy *Titus*; read all his Soul,
The Rage that ſwells, the Flame that melts his Heart.
He dies for *Lucia* ——

CÆLIUS.

Has *Titus* fix'd his Love on *Tarquin*'s Daughter?

MESSALA.

I with much Labour wrung this Secret from him;
He glows with Shame, and dares not own his Weakneſs.
But among all the Paſſions that diſtract him,
A Zeal for Liberty is moſt outragious.

CÆLIUS.

The Fate of *Rome*, in ſpight of my Endeavours,
I ſee, depends upon this ſingle Man,
And varies with his fickle Guſts of Paſſion.
But let us not deſpair.
[*To* Albinus.] Do thou, *Albinus*,
Prepare this Inſtant to return to *Tarquin*.
[*To* Meſſala.] Let us attend the Princeſs: Some Experience
Has open'd to my View the Human Heart.
I'll pry into her Soul; and thence, perhaps,
May weave a Snare to take the haughty *Romans*.

Awhile

Awhile the Lordly Lion ſcours the Plains,
Mocks at the Spear, and terrifies the Swains;
At length, entangled in the Hunter's Toils,
With Fury roars, and drops th'untaſted Spoils!

End of the Firſt Act.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in the Palace of the Conſuls.*

LUCIA, HORTENSIA.

HORTENSIA.

LUCIA, you'll ſoon be ſeated on a Throne;
Propitious Fate now offers to your Hands
More than it raviſh'd from your Father *Tarquin.*
When wedded to *Liguria*'s happy King,
Subjects obſequious to their Prince's Will,
Shall joyfully obey your mild Commands.
But why, when Fortune thus relenting ſmiles,
Swells your ſad Heart, abandon'd to Deſpair?
I've always ſhar'd the Sorrows you have known;

If you love me, Oh! ſpeak; What Grief devours you?
Can you ſtill languiſh for the Loſs of *Rome?*

LUCIA.

Rome? the deteſted Seat of Blood and Slaughter!
The Curſe of Kings, and Source of all my Sorrows!
The Place where I am yet detain'd a Priſoner!
Rome! — Ah why was that accompliſh'd Heroe,
Why was the lovely *Titus* born a *Roman?*

HORTENSIA.

Is *Titus* then ſtill Sovereign of your Heart?
You have deceiv'd your too, too eaſy Friend!
Did you not boaſt, that now you view'd him only,
As *Tarquin*'s Foe, and as the Son of *Brutus?*
That you abhor'd his Name?

LUCIA.

I then believ'd it:
Diſdainful of my blind ill-fated Love,
I labour'd to ſuppreſs the growing Flame,
Nor thought my Paſſion was ſo deeply rooted.
Indulging in thy Arms my boundleſs Grief,
I ſooth'd myſelf with Hope, I only mourn'd
The King's Afflictions, and a Brother's Death.
My fooliſh Heart, alas! deceiv'd itſelf,
And from my View conceal'd the guilty Cauſe.
To thee I'll own the Weakneſs of my Soul;
Thoſe Tears, a Brother's cruel Death demanded,
Were drawn, I fear, by Love, and flow'd for *Titus.*
But now, the Pain it gives me to depart,
Tears from my Eyes the Veil that cover'd them.

HOR-

HORTENSIA.

Then fly without Delay from theſe Uſurpers,
And cheriſh in your Breaſt the Scorn of *Titus*.
Rome is too dangerous now for *Tarquin*'s Daughter.

LUCIA.

Alas! my Infant Flame was free from Guilt.
'Twas you alone, diſplaying all his Virtues,
Inſtructed firſt my yielding Heart to love him;
Yet will I not upbraid thee, thoughtleſs Maid,
Ev'n Thee, th'unhappy Cauſe of all my Anguiſh!
You painted *Titus*, at my Father's Court,
The Darling of the Senators and People,
Gracing the Royal Blood from whence he ſprung,
Worthy my Father's Choice, more worthy Mine.
But while your Tongue flow'd wanton in his Praiſe,
A ſubtle Poiſon ſtole into my Heart.
I raſhly entertain'd a fruitleſs Hope;
And thought I read in his reſpectful Eyes
The Signs of growing Love, yet check'd with Awe.
O fatal Error! now too late diſcover'd.

HORTENSIA.

Thoſe were the Days of ſoft Tranquility,
When Muſick, Revelry, and coſtly Feaſts,
With all the Pomp of *Tarquin*'s ſplendid Court,
Invited ſprightly Hopes, and gay Deſires.
But, *Lucia*, you forget your preſent State;
How cruelly now *Titus* treats your Father;
Has he not ſlain his Friends, repuls'd his Troops,

And fortify'd the daring Hands of Rebels?
He tramples under Foot the Royal Rights,
And inſolently Triumphs for his Treaſon!

LUCIA.

'Tis kindly done to rouze my Indignation——
[*Huzza's without.*
Hear'ſt thou thoſe Shouts in Honour of the Heroe?
The Royal Spoils which deck the Capitol,
The ſhatter'd Standards, all embru'd in Blood,
The prancing Steeds, the Chariots, Crowns, and Incenſe,
Proclaim his wide Renown, and my Diſgrace!
And yet my treacherous Heart (with Shame I own it)
More fondly doats for what I ought t'abhor him.
I ſee by Battels won againſt his King,
How he would ſhine, if he had fought for me.
The Luſtre of his Deeds dazzles my Sight,
At once diſplays his Fame, and hides his Guilt.

HORTENSIA.

Th'united Force of Abſence and of Reaſon,
With the gay Pleaſures that attend a Court,
To your diſorder'd Mind will Peace reſtore.
You'll ſpeedily ſubdue this tender Paſſion.

LUCIA.

A juſt Diſdain will drive it from my Heart!
This daring Rebel, by Succeſs elate,
Beholds with Scorn the Daughter of his King.—
On that illuſtrious Day to joyful *Titus*,
(To Me, alas! the Source of Shame and Sorrow,)
When firſt his Arms were crown'd with Victory,

And *Brutus* welcom'd his Return with Tranſport;
All bloody from the Slaughter of my Friends,
He ruſh'd into my Preſence! —— I, ſtruck with Horror
And piercing Grief, charg'd him with falt'ring Tongue
Never to ſee me more. ——
How punctually does he obey this Order!
If he but chance to ſee me at a Diſtance,
He ſtarts, retires, and leaves me to my Woes!

HORTENSIA.

Behold! here comes —— 'Tis he himſelf, 'tis *Titus!*

SCENE II.

Titus, Lucia, Hortenſia.

LUCIA.

I cannot fly, yet tremble at his Sight!

TITUS.

Princeſs, my Preſence, I perceive, afflicts you,
And calls forth Tears from your offended Eyes.
In vain I try'd t'obey your rigid Order:
But you are ſummon'd hence — Allow me therefore,
Once more to ſee the loveliest of her Sex!
Receive this laſt Adieu from wretched *Titus*,
Who, for thy Sake, with Joy would Life reſign,
And prizes nought above thee but his Country.
When call'd to Battel, in Defence of *Rome*,

I hop'd, at leaſt, to end my Life with Glory,
Since it muſt ſtill diſpleaſe too cruel *Lucia!*

LUCIA.

Can You, the Leader of Rebellious *Rome*,
And Son of *Brutus*, Author of my Woes,
Oppreſs my Father, and yet pity *Lucia?*
Loaded with Honours, See! the Heroe comes
On his Triumphal Day, t'inſult my Grief!
Retire. That pompous Glory may ſuffice.

TITUS.

The Gods have ſtain'd the Luſtre of its Charms;
May the ſame Gods, henceforth more juſt to thee,
For Sorrows paſt, double thy future Joys!
You merited a Crown: A Crown they have beſtow'd.
Go then and reign: Enjoy at once the Throne,
And raptur'd Heart of an enamour'd Monarch;
Throughout the World he is the only King,
Whoſe Happineſs my jealous Heart could envy.

LUCIA.

Ah! wretched *Lucia!* check thy riſing Tears!
[*Aſide.*

TITUS.

What ſecret Impulſe urges me along?
Lucia, I was thy Foe; but in Revenge,
The Gods have made me now thy faithful Slave.
This Flame, which I condemn, in Silence cherish'd,
Increas'd by thy Diſdain, in theſe laſt Moments,
Impatient of Controul, burſts forth with Fury!
With Wrath deſerv'd chaſtiſe this raſh Confeſſion;

Nor

Nor hope I Pardon, nor ev'n ask for Pity.

LUCIA.

Relentleſs *Brutus*, what a Load of Woes,
Thou heap'ſt upon me!

TITUS.

Puniſh his guilty Son;
'Tho' *Tarquin*'s Foe he doats on *Lucia* ——

LUCIA.

Hold ——
You know my Birth, and that a *Roman* Subject
Ought to ſhow more Reſpect to *Tarquin*'s Daughter;
But I demand not from a Son of *Brutus*
The Honours of a Rank, which he diſclaims.
I am at *Rome*, ſtill here detain'd a Priſoner,
And deeply ſhare in all my Father's Woes.
My Sorrows flow from You. I dare believe
Your Soul too gen'rous to inſult th'Afflicted.
A Heroe train'd in Virtue's glorious Paths,
Will ſcorn an eaſy and ignoble Conqueſt.
But if a *Roman* Heart can yield Obedience;
If I may yet command, then ſhun my Preſence,
Revere my Grief, and ceaſe to load the Wretched!

[*Exeunt* Lucia *and* Hortenſia.

SCENE III.

TITUS alone.

What have I ſaid? or what did *Lucia* anſwer?
Ah! whither has my Love tranſported me?
Why, partial Gods, have ye conſpir'd to make

This glorious Day, a Day ſo full of Sorrow?

SCENE IV.

Titus, Meſſala.

TITUS.

O! my *Meſſala*, on thy friendly Boſom
Let me unload my ſecret Cares and Anguiſh,
The Grief that overwhelms my ſinking Soul!

MESSALA.

The Senators, with overbearing Power,
Delight to trample on diſtinguiſh'd Merit.

TITUS.

Love and the Senate both conſpire my Ruin!
The Senate ſcornfully rejects my Suit,
Refuſing me the Honour of a Rank,
Won by my Arms, and purchas'd by my Blood.
Before my Mind is cool from this Diſgrace,
Lucia, my Soul's Delight, is raviſh'd from me.
Raviſh'd from me! alas! I've no Pretenſions!
And yet my Heart is rack'd with Jealouſy.—
Nay more, I've openly avow'd my Love;
The Fire, which I had ſmother'd in my Breaſt,
Broke forth at length, in ſpight of all Reſtraint.
Could I have check'd its Rage but one Day more,
I might have conquer'd this unmanly Paſſion,
Nor languiſh'd Life away in ſhameful Bondage.
But Heav'n has mark'd this Period to my Courage.--
Shall *Brutus'* Son, a Soldier, and a *Roman*,
Be now a Woman's Slave, the Slave of *Tarquin's* Daughter!

Guilty

Guilty to *Rome*, to *Lucia*, and Myſelf,
Anger, Revenge, Diſdain, Remorſe and Love,
By turns prevail, and ſhake my ſhatter'd Frame!

MESSALA.

Titus, will you indulge your faithful Friend,
To offer his Advice with Confidence?

TITUS.

Thy Counſels have been ever kind and prudent;
Speak then, and make me bluſh for theſe mad Tranſports.

MESSALA.

I both applaud your Love, and your Reſentment.
Shall *Titus* ſtill uphold and countenance
Th'unjuſt Authority of theſe Patricians,
Who with the ſpecious Plea of Liberty
Fix on our Necks a heavier Yoke of Bondage?
If you muſt bluſh, bluſh for this tame Submiſſion!
Shall I behold you pine away your Life,
A Victim of the State, deſpis'd by *Lucia*?
Are theſe the great Rewards of your high Actions?
No doubt, a Heart like yours might ſtill obtain
A Conqueſt there, and humble the proud Senate.

TITUS.

How dar'ſt thou ſooth me with ſuch idle Hopes?
Is not her Hate as ſtrong as my Affection?
Alas! doſt thou not ſee the fatal Bars
Between us fix'd by Duty and our Fathers?
Muſt ſhe then go, *Meſſala*?

MESSALA.

This very Day!

TITUS

TITUS.

I ought not to complain. Heaven does her Justice.
It form'd her for a Kingdom.

MESSALA.

Heaven, more propitious,
Perhaps design'd her for a milder Sway.
Forgive me, Sir; you know what was her Dower--
Her Brother is no more. *Rome* was her Right—
But I transgress —— Yet if, to make you happy,
To purchase your Repose, my Life could serve;
Or if my Blood ——

TITUS.

No more! my Duty conquers.
The Soul of Man is free, that dares be so!
Tho' Passion for a while obscur'd my Reason,
A Soldier's Heart discards this idle Dotage;
For Love is only strong by our Indulgence!

MESSALA.

Behold! th'Ambassador approaches! ——
The Honour which he pays you ——

TITUS.

O fatal Honour! ——
Th'Ambassador! —— He bears away the Princess!
'Tis he who makes my Life a Scene of Woes!

[*Exit* Messala.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Titus, Cælius.

CÆLIUS.

Having in vain eſſay'd to move the Senate,
To ſave their Country from impending Ruin,
Permit me here (to Virtue paying Homage)
With open Heart t'admire that generous Ardour,
That happy Hand, which ſtill maintains this City
Againſt the fierce Attacks of her Aſſailants;
Worthy a juſter Cauſe, another Foe!
Greater Regard, and more auguſt Rewards!
Monarchs there are (I here may ſafely ſpeak it)
Who would entruſt their Empires to your Hands;
Nor view with jealous Eyes thoſe ſhining Virtues,
Whoſe Luſtre dazzles the diſdainful Senate,
Tho' *Rome* with Wonder and Delight beholds 'em.
I pity your hard Lot to ſerve ſuch Maſters,
Who, deaf to Merit, inſolently ſpurn
The valiant Friends that beſt deſerve their Favour;
And, born t'obey, yet take a cruel Pleaſure
In laying heavy Bonds on their Deliverers;
Who, did they not uſurp the Royal Rights,
From You ſhould take thoſe Orders, which they give.

TITUS.

Cælius, I thank you for the kind Concern
Which you expreſs for me; nor will enquire
Whether

Whether you ſeek by this Addreſs ſo ſoothing,
To take Advantage of my glowing Anger,
And turn my Sword againſt my native Country.
Loſe not your Arts on this frank open Breaſt;
My Heart is always naked: 'Tis true, the Senate
Have us'd me ill, and I have Right to hate 'em;
But ſtill this Hand ſhall vindicate their Cauſe.
When *Rome* calls forth her faithful Sons to Battel,
They ſtifle in their Breaſts domeſtic Wrongs;
At ſuch a time they know no private Foes.
Thus I profeſs, and thus will ever practiſe.
Be it or Honour, Pride, or Prejudice,
Among the *Romans* born, for them I'll die!
I am the Son of *Brutus*; Tyrants I deteſt;
And on my Heart bear Liberty engrav'd!

CÆLIUS.

My Lord, you cheat yourſelf with ſpecious Names.
Tho' ſubject to a King, I prize the Charms
Of Sacred Liberty, no leſs than You;
Who, for the Subſtance, graſp an empty Shadow.
Is not the Genius of a Commonwealth
Far more Severe than Regal Government?
Your boaſted Laws are the moſt cruel Tyrants,
Inflexible to Intereſt, Rank, or Merit.
Survey a generous Prince's ſplendid Court!
Honours unſought attend upon Deſert;
Pleaſures, in circling Streams, there gaily flow;

And Beauty crowns the Hero's glorious Toils! —
They widely err, who brand, as Servitude,
The Homage paid to an indulgent King;
Since Liberty, protected by his Care,
Distributes Joy and Plenty all around!
Lov'd by your Prince, and cherish'd by his Smiles,
You serve but One; all others are Your Servants.
O! that a Soul, so greatly form'd by Heaven
To shine in Camps, or grace a polish'd Court,
Could taste th' endearing Charms of *Tarquin*'s Friendship!
With You he might have shar'd the Sovereign Power -----
Th' insulting Senate prostrate at your Feet -----

TITUS.

No more ------ I've seen his Court, and I despise it.
I might, perhaps, if I could stoop so low,
Be his First Slave, and lord it over others.
But I abhor such Baseness. Let me perish,
If I be made the Tool of his Ambition!
A Virtuous Heart can taste no Joy in Power
Gain'd by the Ruin of a free-born People.
Thanks be to Heav'n, I've no such abject Wishes;
My Soul aspires at pure, unsullied Grandeur,
By Honour won, and fix'd on stable Justice.
I'll meet thy Kings in Battel. Thou, adore them!

CÆLIUS.

CÆLIUS.

I must approve your firm and steady Conduct;
Yet still remember, in your tender Years,
Tarquin rejoic'd to strengthen and exalt
Your rising Genius by the best Instruction.
He never can forget you. Yester-morn,
As he bewail'd his Son's untimely Death,
" *Titus* (said he) might have sustain'd my Race;
" His Virtues would have merited my Daughter--

TITUS, *turning himself away.*

His Daughter! Gods! *Lucia?* O hapless Vows!

CÆLIUS, [*Looking upon* Titus.]

I bear her to the King whom you renounce,
At Distance far from Thee, and from her Country,
She weds *Liguria*'s Monarch. In the mean while,
Thou may'st obey the Senate, oppress her Father,
And ravage his Demesnes with Fire and Sword.
But soon, I trust, yon' blazing Capitol,
These lofty Roofs, and all your Towers in Flames,
Shall serve as Torches to this happy Marriage,
And Funeral-Piles for Citizens and Senate!

[*Exit* Cælius.

SCENE VI.

TITUS *alone.*

He's gone---- But in what Anguish has he left me!
Lucia might still be Mine! But on what Terms?

It

It ſhocks my very Soul to think of them!
This wily Orator came to diſcover
The ſecret Flame that preys upon my Heart ——
It ſtands confeſt; my Looks, my every Action
Betray'd the Force of my unbounded Love.
He now returns triumphant to *Porſenna*,
And mocks the Folly of my fond Deſires——
Still *Lucia* might be Mine! I might with Her
Wear Life away in raviſhing Delights!
Great Gods! if this were true ----- What vain Deluſions
Dazzle my Senſes, and diſtract my Thoughts!
While here I wildly chaſe a fleeting Phantom,
All *Rome* demands me at the Capitol.
Th' impatient Multitude, in countleſs Numbers,
Gather'd beneath the high Triumphal Arches,
Echo my Name with joyful Acclamations,
And call me to begin the ſolemn Oaths,
Th' inviolable Pledges of our Freedom!
I'll go ------- But there I ſhall behold the Senate,
That Crowd of Kings, the Object of my Hatred ------
Unhappy Wretch! would they ſo much offend thee,
Was not thy doating Mind enthrall'd to *Lucia*?
Here every thing diſguſts thy ſickly Senſe.
Awake! awake! ſhake off this ſluggiſh Softneſs!
Ah! *Titus*, calm this Tempeſt of the Soul,
That mocks thy Reaſon, and defies Controul:

Quell

Quell thy Revenge; this Tenderneſs ſubdue;
To *Rome*, to *Brutus*, and Thyſelf be true!
O'er thy own Paſſions now the Conqueſt gain,
Thoſe Tyrants of the Mind, that rend this tortur'd Brain!

End of the Second Act.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CÆLIUS, ALBINUS, MESSALA.

CÆLIUS, *with a Letter in his Hand.*

FOR this Diſpatch, *Albinus*, I'm your Debtor.
All anſwers to my Wiſh. Upon this Letter
Depends the Deſtiny of *Rome* and *Tarquin*.
Is the dread Hour agreed on in the Camp?
Has the *Quirinal* Gate been view'd with Care?
Say, will our Troops be ready for th'Aſſault,
If by our Friends we cannot gain Admittance?
Is *Tarquin* ſatisfy'd? Does he now think
Rome will be ours?

ALBINUS.

He glories in your Counſels,
To Him more proſperous than *Porſenna*'s Arms.

At Dead of Night our Troops will be prepar'd.

CÆLIUS.

Either the Gods, Foes to this hapleſs Prince,
Will blaſt Deſigns ſo great and well-concerted,
Or *Rome* to Morrow will be ſubject to him:
Perhaps with Slaughter drench'd, and laid in Aſhes. ——
No matter.--- Better a King ſhould, on his Throne,
In Peace profound govern the tame Remains,
Than with precarious Power aſſert his Right
Over a headſtrong giddy Multitude,
Prone to revolt from too much Liberty.
[*To* Albinus.] Leave me, *Albinus*, I expect the Princeſs. [*Exit* Albinus.
[*To* Meſſala, *who offers to follow* Albinus.]
Meſſala, Stay.

SCENE II.

Cælius, Meſſala.

CÆLIUS.

Have thy Attempts ſucceeded?
Will *Titus* join with the Confederate Kings?

MESSALA.

I've been, indeed, too ſanguine in my Hopes;
The Heart of *Titus* is inflexible.
In every Act he fondly copies *Brutus*,
And ſtill harangues for Liberty and Laws.
The Senate he abhors, and doats on *Lucia*;
Ambition, Pride, Diſdain, and Jealouſy,
Alternately

Alternately inflame his labʼring Breaſt;
And yet the Love of Liberty prevails.
At *Tarquin*'s Name he ſtarts into a Paſſion;
And when I urg'd the Proſpect of a Crown,
With a fierce Look he broke abruptly from me.
It had been dangerous to tempt him farther.

CÆLIUS.

So you deſpair of making *Titus* ours?

MESSALA.

It coſt leſs Pains to bring his Brother over;
I have engag'd, at leaſt, one Son of *Brutus.*

CÆLIUS.

Is then *Tiberius* fix'd to us already?
Say, by what happy Scheme didſt thou ſucceed?

MESSALA.

Ambition was the Lure by which I took him;
Long with a jealous Eye he has beheld
The ſpreading Luſtre of his Brother's Fame;
Whoſe ſplendid Triumph ſtung him to the Heart;
Tho' generous *Titus*, ſcorning all Suſpicion,
Stretch'd out his Arms from the Triumphal Chariot,
And with a fond Embrace careſt the Youth,
Seeming to make him Partner of his Glory.
I choſe thoſe lucky Moments to ſuggeſt,
With what Contempt his Merits were receiv'd,
While every Street rung with the Praiſe of *Titus*;
I promis'd alſo, in the Name of *Tarquin*,
Profuſe Rewards, and all but Royal Honours;
In ſhort, this Bait has caught the greedy Prey;
Firm to the King, he waits for your Inſtructions.

CÆLIUS.

Can he ſurrender the *Quirinal* Gate?

MESSALA.

Titus is poſted there, whoſe dreadful Valour
Has too much check'd the Progreſs of your Arms.
He is the Guardian Genius of his Country.
I dare not give my Voice for this Attack;
Nor hope Succeſs without his pow'rful Aid.

CÆLIUS.

But, ſince he was ambitious to be Conſul,
Can he reſiſt the Offer of a Crown,
His certain Dower, if he eſpouſes *Lucia*?

MESSALA.

A Crown ſeems an Affront to his ſtern Virtue.

CÆLIUS.

But has not *Lucia*'s Beauty touch'd his Heart?

MESSALA.

He doats upon her even to Diſtraction.
The Flame ſuppreſs'd, with greater Fury burns;
He hates the Father, yet adores the Daughter;
He fears to ſpeak to her, and ſighs in ſecret:
Now he retreats, then eagerly purſues.
He yet knows nought of Love but its mad Tranſports.
In the wild Hurry of this furious Tempeſt,
A Moment may produce unlook'd-for Changes.
The Soul of *Titus*, eager and impetuous,
Flies out into Extremes of Love and Hatred.
Should he but once engage to aid our Arms,
'Twill be impoſſible to check his Ardour.
Ambition's ſmother'd Fire, that ſwells his Breaſt,

Perhaps may kindle at the Torch of Love.
No doubt he would be glad to ſee the Senate
With abject Fear lie proſtrate at his Feet.
But I ſhould flatter you, my Lord, to promiſe
That his proud Heart will even yield to Love.
Howe'er, I'll make another ſtrenuous Effort.

CÆLIUS.

Since he loves *Lucia*, he may ſtill be won.
A tender Word, or one kind Look from her,
Will more prevail to bend his ſtubborn Virtue,
Than all the Schemes of the profoundeſt Statesmen ——
The Paſſions of Mankind are our beſt Servants;
By thoſe we turn, and wind them at our Pleaſure.

Lucia *enters*, Meſſala retires.

SCENE III.

Lucia, Cælius, Hortenſia.

CÆLIUS.

I am commanded, *Lucia*, by your Father,
To your own Hands to give this Letter.

LUCIA.

Ye Gods! prolong his Life; and change his Fate!
[*She reads.*] "The King of *Rome* may reaſcend his Throne,
"If his moſt gallant Foe ſhou'd prove his Friend.
"*Titus* alone is able to reſtore
"A Crown, which I conſent with him to ſhare.

" Reject th' Addreſſes of *Liguria*'s Monarch.
" If you love *Titus*, *Titus* may be yours.
" Remember, you receiv'd your Life from me.
" On your Reſolve depends the Fate of
TARQUIN.

LUCIA.

" On your Reſolve depends the Fate of *Tarquin*--
And —— " *Titus* may be yours ——
Can this be poſſible? Will *Tarquin* ſtoop,
Inflexible till now, in ſpight of Woes?
Whence does he know, or how? —— Ah! cruel *Cælius*,
You only ſearch the Secrets of my Heart!
Show more Compaſſion to a wretched Princeſs,
Nor with theſe Arts enſnare my heedleſs Youth!

CÆLIUS.

Indeed, you wrong me, *Lucia*, I but fulfill
The Orders *Tarquin* gave, nor aim preſumptuous,
To pry into the Secrets of your Boſom.
My Duty prompts me only to ſuggeſt,
That Heav'n makes choice of You, to place the Crown
Upon your Father's Head, and to reſtore
This ravag'd Kingdom to its ancient Splendor.

LUCIA.

To ſerve my Father by joining Hands with *Titus*!
Impoſſible! Explain this dark Ænigma.

CÆLIUS.

Truſt me, this Heroe glows with ſecret Ardour
Both for the King, and all the Royal Race.
Th' Auſterity of theſe Republicans

Ill ſuits the Candor of his generous Heart.
I don't pretend to penetrate his Breaſt;
But ſince he knows the Merit of your Virtues,
He muſt be proud to own himſelf your Servant.
Who can behold ſo rich a Diadem
Preſented by your Hands, with double Luſtre,
And not tranſported bleſs the Royal Donor?
One ſoothing Word from You will fix his Heart.
Engage then *Titus* to your Father's Cauſe,
Rome's chief Support, her Tutelary God!
Deſerve the happy Honour, you enjoy,
To turn at Pleaſure, and controul the Fate
Of your great Sire, and of the *Roman* State!

[*Exit* Cælius.

SCENE IV.

Lucia, Hortenſia.

LUCIA.

Ye Pow'rs Supreme, what Incenſe can I offer?
You ſmile relenting. Bleſt Reverſe of Fortune!
That Flame, for which I bluſh'd, now purely burns,
And may with Honour be indulg'd and own'd.
[*To* Hortenſia.] Haſte, dear *Hortenſia*, and inform my *Titus*,
He is allow'd to come into my Preſence.
Shall he, unconſcious of his Happineſs,
Languiſh in Grief, while I exult with Joy?
But don't I cheriſh a deluſive Hope?

Does *Titus* then, indeed, abhor the Senate?
Alas! perhaps, I owe to his Reſentment,
That which I thought the ſole Effect of Love!

HORTENSIA.

'Tis true, the Senate has provok'd his Anger,
And he's ambitious — Yet he dies for you!

LUCIA.

He loves, and will do every thing to ſerve me!
Then fly without Delay —— [*Exit* Hortenſia.
And yet this ſudden Change,
This Letter — What ſtruggling Cares encounter
Here! ——
Blaze forth, my Love, conſiſtent now with Virtue!
Honour, Reaſon, Duty, All command it!
My Love will fix the Crown on *Tarquin*'s Head!
I ſhall unite brave *Titus* and my Father!
The Happineſs of *Rome* will flow from mine!
O! Thou, the Object of my ſoft Deſires!
When ſhall I tell thee this amazing Change?
When ſhall I, *Titus*, with tranſporting Pleaſure,
With thee converſe, and hear thy tuneful Voice?
Each anxious Care is fled! *Rome*, I forgive thee!
With timely Tears appeaſe thy injur'd Sovereign.
Submit, ye Senate; you have loſt your Champion!
Titus is mine — with Fear obey your King!

SCENE

SCENE V.

Titus, Lucia.

TITUS.

Princeſs, will you, indeed, vouchſafe to ſee
A Man, whom you ſo juſtly may abhor?

LUCIA.

Titus, be now ſincere, and own the Truth:
Was that careſſing Speech, you late addreſs'd,
The Dictate of your Heart, or meant to mock me?

TITUS.

Alas! this throbbing Breaſt too plainly ſhows
My raging Flame, my Crime, and my Deſpair!
The Graces of thy Sex, in thee diſplay'd,
Thy lovely Form, and ſtill more lovely Mind,
With pleaſing Force ſubdue my raviſh'd Soul! —
You rule my Fate!

LUCIA.

Nay, mine depends on Thee!

TITUS.

On Me? My bounding Heart can ſcarce believe it.
Am I not then the Object of your Hate?
Princeſs, proceed; Say, what enchanting Hope
Exalts me in a Moment to this Height
Of too-tranſporting Joy?

LUCIA, [*Giving him the Letter.*]

Peruſe this Letter ——

[*While*

[*While he is reading.*] I then may hope —— But whence that ſullen Frown,
That Air dejected, and that ſudden Start? [*Aſide.*

TITUS.

Of all Mankind, I am the moſt accurſt!
My Fate, whoſe Rigour weighs me to the Ground,
Deludes me with a Glimpſe of Happineſs,
Only to ſnatch the lovely Image from me:
And, to compleat the Fulneſs of my Woes,
I love, and may poſſeſs, and yet muſt loſe thee!

LUCIA.

Loſe me?

TITUS.

This Moment has condemn'd my Life
To Sorrows moſt profound, or Infamy;
I muſt be falſe to *Rome* or Thee —— nor can
Chuſe aught but ſhocking Crimes, or dire Afflictions.

LUCIA.

How can you talk of Crimes and of Afflictions?
T'expell thy King, and head a Band of Rebels;
To grieve his Daughter, and reject her Love,
Theſe are thy ſhocking Crimes and dire Afflictions!
A Father's Choice now juſtifies my Flame.
I thought this Day the faireſt of my Life,
And yet the Moment, in which my raviſh'd Soul
May own, without a Bluſh, her Tenderneſs,
That very Moment, you force me to repent!
Open your Eyes, and weigh, in equal Balance,

The envious

The envious Senate's unrelenting Rigour,
Againſt the milder Sway of Regal Power.
Chuſe whether you'll obey, or dictate Laws;
With Me command, or ſerve ungrateful Maſters;
And may the Gods direct your happy Choice!

TITUS, [*Returning the Letter.*]

My Choice is made.

LUCIA.

Then dare not you declare it?
Say, What is thy Reſolve?

TITUS.

To be worthy of thee,
Worthy my Sire, and faithful to my Country;
Tho' languiſhing for Thee, to fight for *Rome*;
T'admire, and imitate thy ſhining Virtues;
And, tho' I loſe, deſerve at leaſt to gain thee!

LUCIA.

Muſt we then for ever ------

TITUS.

No ---- Forgive me, *Lucia*,
Forgive the Fury that diſtracts my Soul;
Pity a Heart at Variance with itſelf;
Now more accurſt, than when it felt your Scorn.
Or with thee, or without thee, I am wretched!
O! let me rather die, than ſee thy Faith
T'another plighted!

LUCIA.

It ſhall be ever thine!

TITUS.

If then you love me, let your Soul be *Roman*;
Be more than Queen, and love the Commonwealth.

Bring

Bring me for Dower, inſtead of Royal Titles,
A Love and Reverence for the *Roman* Laws.
Let *Brutus* be your Father, *Rome* your Mother,
And her Deliverer your happy Conſort:
Aud let the *Romans*, vanquiſh'd by your Goodneſs,
Receive their Liberties from *Tarquin's* Daughter.

LUCIA.

Should I betray the King that gave me Life?

TITUS.

Should I have leſs Regard for *Rome* and *Brutus*?

LUCIA.

Peace, buſy Heart! no more betray thy Weakneſs
For an ungrateful Man, who ſcorns thy Love!

SCENE VI.

Brutus, Cælius, Titus, Lucia, Meſſala, Albinus, Proculus, Lictors.

BRUTUS, [*to* Lucia.]

Lucia, the Hour is come for your Departure.
In the firſt Fury of the Public Storm,
Rome could not give you to your Houſhold Gods.
Tarquin himſelf, on fell Revenge employ'd,
(His Thoughts entirely bent on our Deſtruction,)
Seem'd for a while forgetful of his Daughter,
And did not then demand you of the *Romans*.
But I ſupply'd the Place of your loſt Father ----
'Tis with Reluctance that I call to Mind

The

The Sorrows of that melancholy Day.
Go, reign: And let unbiaſs'd Equity
Be the firm Baſis of your happy Throne.
If You would be obey'd, Obey the Laws.
Maturely weigh the arduous Task of Kings;
If ſervile Sycophants, with ſoothing Voice,
Should tempt you from the ſacred Paths of Juſtice,
Remember *Tarquin*'s Fate, and think of *Rome*:
His Fate, I truſt, will ſtand on laſting Record,
A dreadful Monument to future Tyrants!
[*To* Cælius.] *Cælius*, we yield her to thee; Be it thy Care,
To ſee her ſafe conducted to her Father.
A Guard attends you to the Sacred Gate.

[*Exeunt* Brutus *and* Lucia *at different Doors.*

Titus, Cælius, *and* Meſſala *ſtay.*

TITUS, [*At a Diſtance.*]

O! the tormenting Anguiſh of Deſpair!
[*He goes towards* Cælius.] She ſhall not go --- Once more permit me, *Cælius* ----
Shall hopeleſs Love ſtill prey upon my Life? [*Aſide.*
Allow me but a Word.

CÆLIUS.

The Time is urgent.
Yet, for an Hour, I can protract her Stay;
Beware, you do not ſeek my Aid too late.
We may, without Reſerve, in her Apartment,
Deliberate on this important Criſis.

Exit Cælius, *following* Lucia.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Titus, Meſſala.

TITUS.

Are we the Sport of Fortune? Did we meet
Only to part for ever? ——

MESSALA.

To ſee ſuch Charms, with ſo much Virtue join'd,
A Prey to Grief, and overwhelm'd with Woes,
Afflicts my Soul, and melts me into Tears!
None but a Heart like Hers, could merit Yours.

TITUS.

No, *Meſſala*; *Lucia* muſt ne'er be mine!

MESSALA.

Wherefore? What vain Surmiſes bar your Wiſhes?

TITUS.

The hated Terms impos'd by cruel *Lucia*! —
Shall I obey the Tyrants I have conquer'd,
And ſacrifice the People I have ſav'd?
Shall Love, for ſix long Months oppos'd ſo firmly,
Now, in an Hour, ſubdue my yielding Virtue?
To Tyrants Rage ſhall I give up my Father?
Such a Father? the Darling of his Country!
A Pattern to Mankind! the beſt of Heroes!
Who taught me to purſue his glorious Steps!

MES-

MESSALA.

Good Gods! ----- If Conqueſt had not crown'd his Cauſe,
What were this Patriot, this mighty Heroe,
Echo'd by *Rome*, as her Deliverer;
I ſay, if Conqueſt had not crown'd his Cauſe,
Won by your Hand, what were he but a Rebel?

TITUS.

How, *Meſſala*? a Rebel! My Father? To whom?

MESSALA.

Allow me but to ſpeak. I had not finiſh'd.
Compoſe yourſelf; I ſee you are diſturb'd.

TITUS.

Diſturb'd! Have I not Reaſon? --- But go on.

MESSALA.

You may adorn the Name of Conqueror,
With the more lovely Style of Mediator:
The Virtues of a *Roman* Citizen
Are ſeen in You, illuſtriouſly diſplay'd;
Now practiſe ſuch as will become a Sovereign.
Heaven puts into your Power, this happy Moment,
The Object of your Vows, Revenge and Empire. ----
Bring back thoſe Days, in which our Anceſtors
Weigh'd with impartial Hand, in equal Balance,
Th'Authority of Kings, and Rights of Subjects.
Rome may be reconcil'd to Monarchy,
For Monarchy is no leſs amiable,
Beneath the Conduct of a virtuous Prince,

Than

Than full of Horror, when a Tyrant reigns.
Rome would almoſt adore a King like *Titus*.---

TITUS.

Preſumptuous Man! thou ſurely haſt forgot,
That thou art talking to a Son of *Brutus!*
Henceforth I muſt behold thee as a Traitor:
To pardon Thee, wou'd be to ſhare thy Crimes.

MESSALA.

Know then, that glorious Wreath, which You diſdain,
Is deſtin'd to adorn Another's Brow.
What You dare not, Another will accompliſh----

TITUS.

Another! hold---Gods! ſpeak---Who?

MESSALA.

Your Brother----

TITUS.

My Brother!----

MESSALA.

Has pledg'd his Oath to *Tarquin*.

TITUS.

Will he betray *Rome?*

MESSALA.

He'll ſerve his King and *Rome*.
Know, *Tarquin* is reſolv'd to give his Daughter
To that brave *Roman*, who reſtores his Crown.

TITUS.

Perfidious Wretch, attend!---Blind as I was,
I did not ſee till now the Precipice,
To which you artfully conducted me.
You'd make me an Accomplice with my Brother,

And

And ſtain my Soul with Treaſon's Crimſon Dye.
But firſt thy Blood ſhall anſwer ——
[*Graſping his Sword.*

MESSALA.

Here --- ſtrike this faithful Breaſt;
I merit Death for lab'ring thus to ſerve you!
Then plunge your Sword, yet reeking with my Blood,
Into the Hearts of *Lucia* and your Brother,
Lucia reſerv'd for him, if you renounce her,
The Spring and Life of the Conſpiracy!
And bearing on your Spear their Heads, as Trophies,
Go pray the Senate for the Conſulſhip,
As a Reward for theſe Heroic Deeds;
And be again with Scorn rejected by them! ——

SCENE VIII.

Titus, Meſſala, Albinus.

ALBINUS.

My Lord, th'Ambaſſador, at Leiſure now,
Expects you in th'Apartment of the Princeſs —

TITUS.

Say, I'll attend him. [*Exit* Alb.
O! had I never lov'd, I had been virtuous! ---
Why ſhou'd I ſacrifice my Happineſs
To yon' imperious Senate? — Let us go —
[*To* Meſſala.] Behold the Capitol grac'd with my Trophies.

MESSALA.

Do not unjuſt Patricians govern there?

TITUS.

Huſh!---Hark!---Methinks I hear a Voice cry out,
Forbear! Forbear! Wilt thou betray thy Country?
Brutus, and *Rome*'s great Genius cry, Forbear!
[*Raving.*

[*After a Pauſe.*]

Yet free from Stain my Vital Current flows,
And this ſtanch Heart no baſe Corruption knows!
O! if by Heav'n my Ruin is decreed,
May I, at leaſt, a Spotleſs Victim bleed!
Ye righteous Pow'rs! Whatever be My Fate,
Protect Your *Brutus*, and the *Roman* State!

End of the Third Act.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA, HORTENSIA.

LUCIA.

URGE me no more--- I will not see him!
Shall I expose myself to new Affronts,
And let him kindle in my lab'ring Breast,
Th'alternate Flames of Love and Indignation? ----
Why did'st thou, treach'rous *Cælius*, thus delude me,
And by thy wily Arts protract my Stay?

HORTENSIA.

You have forgot, that *Cælius* now expects you.

LUCIA.

I yet remain, and have no Power to quit
This Seat of Woes, the Object of my Hatred!
My Spirits are consum'd in vain Complaints!
Wretch that I am! what Right have I to murmur?
I! who degrading thus the Royal Blood,

Have fix'd my Love upon a Rebel Subject;
Who fond of Fame, and proud of his Exploits,
Can taſte no Charms, but Popular Applauſe.
You ſaw, *Hortenſia*, he would not follow me.

HORTENSIA.

Truſt me, *Lucia*, *Titus* feels ſharper Pangs
Than you conceive. He labour'd to ſuppreſs
His ſwelling Grief, that ſtruggled for a Vent;
Yet now and then a guſhing Tear confeſs'd,
What inward Anguiſh preys upon his Soul.
You ſhould excuſe him: Can his generous Heart,
More eaſily than yours, betray a Father?
Do not You tremble for the Life of *Tarquin?*
And can you blame his Filial Love of *Brutus?*
Judge of his Pains by what you feel yourſelf.
Then be not too ſevere in your Reſentment,
Nor grieve yourſelf, to grieve unhappy *Titus.*
You alſo know, by what tremendous Oaths
The Sons of *Rome* are bound to ſerve her Intereſt.
This very Morn he ſwore Eternal Hatred
To *Tarquin*'s Family. What can he do?---

LUCIA.

'Tis hard indeed, *Hortenſia*; I pity him!
Heav'n knows how deeply his Diſtreſs affects me;
I'm almoſt overwhelm'd!--- Why may not *Titus*
Repent of thoſe raſh Oaths, unjuſtly taken,
Return to his Allegiance, and to Me.
Does not *Tiberius*, a Son of *Brutus* too,
Aſſiſted by the Nobleſt *Roman* Youths,
Join to reſtore my Father to his Throne;
Nor in the leaſt pretend to merit Me?

And

And ſhall *Titus*, to whom I've been ſo partial,
To whom my Soul has overflow'd in Fondneſs,
Shall he forſake me?

HORTENSIA.

In his divided Heart,
You triumph over *Rome* and Liberty.

LUCIA.

Ah! guilty Liberty, a Rebel's Virtue!---
I'll wait no more, but inſtantly depart;
Depart without Regret --- if poſſible. ---
What ſecret Horror thrills thro' all my Soul!
Avert, avenging Gods, this dreadful Omen!
I trembling view yon' tow'ring Capitol,
And ſhudder for the Life of lovely *Titus*.
Brutus appears, like ſome relentleſs God,
With Fury arm'd to plunge us to Deſtruction.
Grief, Anger, Love, and Fear diſtract my Thoughts!
Let us be gone ----

SCENE II.

Lucia, Hortenſia, Titus,

TITUS.

Yet for a ſingle Moment
Let me intreat thy Stay ----

LUCIA.

No, cruel Man,
You think by ſoothing Words, and artful Gloſſes
To gain upon me ---

TITUS.

Alas! I know no Arts:

My open Heart abhors Hypocriſy.
Ev'n Reaſon now is fled. This fatal Day
Bereaves me of the Power to rule my Actions.
My Brain whirls round! my Thoughts are all confus'd!
Guide thou my Steps, conduct me at thy Pleaſure;
Freely command me now to perpetrate
The Crimes I moſt deteſt, Murder and Parricide!
Rather than part with Thee, let raging Flames
Lay level with the Ground the Towers of *Rome*;
Her Citizens be buried in the Ruins;
And let a Father, by his Son abandon'd,
Beneath fierce *Tarquin*'s Sword-----

LUCIA.

The Gods forbid it!
In Thee, the Voice of Nature pleads for *Brutus*,
If I am Yours, your Father will be Mine,
And ſhall by Me as *Tarquin*'s ſelf be honour'd.
But tell me, *Titus*, can you then believe,
That *Brutus* would repine to ſee his Son
The glorious Sovereign of a willing People?
He's King himſelf, tho' by another Title;
His Reign, 'tis true, laſts but a Year at preſent;
Yet ſoon perhaps --- But what avail my Pleadings,
If thy cold Heart's inſenſible to Love?
I go --- Then ſoon you will forget ----

TITUS.

Forget thee, O! enchanting Excellence! ---
The Sun ſhall ſooner ceaſe his Daily Courſe,
Than I can tear thy Image from my Breaſt!
But then --- to ſee the *Romans* made a Prey!

To

To wild Ambition, and to lawleſs Power,
Thoſe very *Romans*, whom my Hand has ſav'd?
My Soul ſtarts back with Horror at the Thought! --

LUCIA.

Hear then my fix'd and final Reſolution!
My Heart ſhall witneſs by its Conſtancy,
With what a mighty Force it would have lov'd thee.
Think not that I will wander to *Liguria*,
To wed a Monarch whom I never ſaw;
No --- Here in Preſence of the Gods I ſwear,
Whoſe vengeful Lightning blaſts the perjur'd Wretch,
Beneath theſe Walls, where reign'd my Anceſtors,
Theſe Walls, which you defend againſt your King,
By my own Hand to end my wretched Life!
A juſt Reward for my preſumptuous Folly,
In doating on my Father's mortal Foe!
I go ——

TITUS, [*Holding her.*]

Yet ſtay, and hear me!
It muſt be ſo — Thy Will ſhall be obey'd,
Tho' my Soul ſhudders at the dire Reſolve!
I ſee the dreadful Gulph to which I'm plunging;
I ſee, and I approve the Paths of Virtue,
Yet, led by Love, purſue what I condemn!

LUCIA.

Ah! do not thus delude my ardent Paſſion!
You mock the Fondneſs of my tender Heart.
Yes, I confeſs, I live for Thee alone!
Yet know, I'll ſooner die than give my Hand
To One, who wav'ring trembles to be Mine,

Nor dare obey his King without Reluctance.
The dreadful Moment's come, that muſt divide us.
With *Cælius* I depart. Adviſe, conſult;
Weigh in thy Mind, how dear thou art to *Lucia*,
And that all *Rome* may now be ſubject to thee.
I go --- but will with *Tarquin* ſoon return,
To enter Queen, or periſh in thy Sight!

TITUS.

Thou ſhalt not periſh! I will ——

[*Offering to follow her.*

LUCIA.

Hold, *Titus*,
You hazard Life, if you purſue me farther.
Suſpicion ever wakes — Reſolve to be
Or *Tarquin*'s Friend, or *Lucia*'s mortal Foe!

[*Exeunt* Lucia *and* Hortenſia.

SCENE III.

TITUS, Alone.

O *Lucia*, thou haſt conquer'd! Love prevails.
I'll crown Thee Queen, or periſh in th'Attempt,
T'abandon and betray ſuch matchleſs Charms,
Were of all Crimes the moſt enormous!

SCENE IV.

Titus, Meſſala.

TITUS.

Welcome, my Friend. I long'd for thy Return.
Forgive my late wild Tranſports. Follow me,
And ſerve, at once, my Love and my Revenge!

MES-

MESSALA.

I ſhall with Joy obey your Will. My Cohorts
Already arm'd on Mount *Quirinus* ſtand,
To yield the Gate upon th'appointed Signal.
Then loſe no Time. Impenetrable Night
With Wings propitious covers our Deſigns!

TITUS,

The Hour draws near. *Lucia* now counts the Moments. ——
Tarquin, to Thee my Vows were plighted firſt!
The Dye is caſt!

[*The Back Scene opens.*]

What do I ſee? My Father!

SCENE V.

Brutus, Titus, Meſſala, *Lictors.*

BRUTUS.

Haſte, *Titus*, haſte. *Rome* is expos'd to Danger.
By Secret Means the Senate are inform'd,
That we ſhall be attack'd at Dead of Night;
And have, at my Requeſt, made Choice of Thee
To guard the City on this great Occaſion.
Away! if thou return with Conqueſt crown'd,
Or fall in Fight, thy Name will be Immortal!

TITUS.

Heavens!

BRUTUS.

My Son ——

TITUS.

Commit, I pray, to abler Hands

The Senate's Favour, and the Fate of *Rome*.

MESSALA.

What dreadful Paſſions rend his ſtruggling Soul!
[*Aſide.*

BRUTUS.

Can'ſt thou refuſe the Honour they deſign thee?

TITUS.

I am unworthy of ſo high an Honour.

BRUTUS.

Thou art, indeed, unworthy! --- Proud Ambition
Still irritates thy Mind againſt the Senate,
For their refuſing thee the Conſulſhip.
But how unjuſt were all the Pleas you urg'd!
How didſt thou dare to ſtand a Candidate,
Before the Age four Sacred Laws preſcribe?
Is this a Time to cheriſh Civil Diſcord,
Now Ruin and Deſtruction hover round us?
Thou haſt ſav'd *Rome*; and canſt thou yet repine?
Will not the Fame of that Immortal Deed
Content thy Heart? — *Titus*, I bluſh for thee! —
Rejoice to hold a Soldier's Poſt of Honour,
And pour the Torrent of thy Wrath on Tyrants.
Offer thy Life for *Rome* without Reward.
Be ſtill a Heroe; nay, be more, a Patriot.
For Me, my Son, my Race is almoſt finiſh'd;
But when thy Hands have clos'd theſe languid Eyes,
My Name ſhall ever flouriſh, rais'd on Thine.
In *Titus* I ſhall live again for *Rome!*

TITUS.

Oh! *Meſſala*,

Enter

Enter Valerius.

VALERIUS.

Let all retire.

[*Exeunt* Titus, Meſſala, *and the Lictors.*

SCENE VI.

Brutus, Valerius.

VALERIUS.

Rome is betray'd!

BRUTUS.

Ha!

VALERIUS.

A dire Conſpiracy is form'd againſt us.
'Tis paſt Diſpute. I have not yet diſcover'd
The Authors of this execrable Plot;
But *Tarquin*'s Name was mutter'd; and ſome baſe
Degenerate *Romans* call'd for a Surrender.

BRUTUS.

Can *Roman* Citizens be fond of Chains?

VALERIUS.

At my Approach the guilty Daſtards fled;
By different Ways they cloſely are purſu'd.
'Tis thought that *Lelius*, *Menas*, and *Vitellius*,
Thoſe artful Advocates of *Tarquin*'s Cauſe,
Who ſpread around ſeditious Calumnies
T'incenſe the Populace againſt the Senate,
Have all conſpir'd to aid *Porſenna*'s Arms.
Meſſala too would juſtly ſtand ſuſpected,
Were he not cheriſh'd as a Friend by *Titus*.
'Tis whiſper'd, that he privately frequents

The

The dark Cabals of theſe Conſpirators.

BRUTUS.

Let us place Spies to watch their every Motion.
The Laws and Rights, of which we are the Guardians,
Reſtrain our Hands from Arbitrary Sway.
T'arreſt a *Roman* upon bare Surmiſe,
Would be to act like that outrageous Tyrant
Whom we renounce, and take up Arms t'expell.
Mean while, let us go forth to rouze the Slothful,
To chear the Weak, to animate the Virtuous,
And terrify the Sons of Violence.
Now let the awful Fathers of their Country,
By their Example fire the Citizens.
What Heart ſo cold, that will not be inflam'd
To ſee the hoary Sires advance to Battel!

SCENE VII.

Brutus, Valerius, Proculus.

PROCULUS.

A Slave, my Lord, intreats immediate Audience.

BRUTUS.

What! in the Night? and at this lonely Hour?

PROCULUS.

He ſays, that his important Tidings
Admit of no Delay.

BRUTUS.

The Fate of *Rome*,
Perhaps, depends upon th'Advice he brings.

He

He ſhall be inſtantly diſpatch'd.
[*To* Proculus.] Thou, *Proculus*, haſte to the *Roman* Army,
And charge my Sons from Me, to do their Duty.
See the *Quirinal* Gate be well defended;
Tell *Titus*, I entruſt it to His Care.
I'll follow ſtrait, and by my own Example
Will kindle in their Breaſts a double Ardour;
Conqueſt, or glorious Death, ſhall crown our Labours!
The Eagle thus trains up her generous Brood,
Provokes to Toils, and ſpirits them with Blood;
* 'Till borne on Wings full-grown, and bold to riſe,
The Bird of *Jove* to Heav'n impetuous flies:
By her fierce Talons his red Thunder's hurl'd,
To puniſh, and reform a guilty World!

---

* *This Line is taken from Mr.* HUGHES's *Noble Ode, entitled,* THE ECSTACY.

End of the Fourth Act.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in the Palace of the Conſuls.*

The Senate, Brutus, Silvius, Rufus, Proculus, *Lictors, the Slave* Vindex.

BRUTUS.

YES; Mournful *Rome* muſt now have wept in Blood.
Death would have march'd triumphant thro' the Gates,
And heap'd the Streets with ſlaughter'd Citizens.
This very Night, was *Tarquin* to have enter'd.
Nor Sex, nor Age would have eſcap'd his Sword
Keen with impetuous Rage, and fell Revenge.
Then had our Liberties been loſt for ever!
This cloſe-concerted Scheme, big with Deſtruction,
Sprung from the fertile Brain of fraudful *Cælius.*
In *Rome* were alſo found rebellious Sons,
Who in Defiance of their ſolemn Oaths,
And every Tye that binds the Heart of Man,

Con-

Conſpir'd with Tyrants to enſlave their Country!
The Captain of this Band was bold *Meſſala*.
Lur'd with the Hopes of ample Wealth and Honours,
He promis'd to betray our Gates to *Tarquin*.

SILVIUS.

You ſtill maintain our Rights and Liberties
With the ſame Zeal, as you at firſt redeem'd them.
But Say, how was this ſubtle Plan detected?

BRUTUS.

The Power Supreme, with ever-waking Eye,
Has watch'd for *Rome*, and guarded all our Lives.
That Slave, unſeen, hearing th'Intrigues of *Cælius*,
[*Pointing to* Vindex.
Open'd to Me this formidable Plot.
Rouz'd by the preſſing Danger of the *Romans*,
I ſtrait gave Orders for the Public Safety:
The Miniſters of Juſtice ſeiz'd *Meſſala*,
And had receiv'd expreſs Command from Me,
To bring him inſtantly before the Senate.
Encompaſs'd as he ſtood, he from his Boſom
A ſecret Dagger ſnatch'd, and boldly cry'd,
" The Man who dares conſpire, muſt dare to die!
Speaking, he fiercely plung'd it in his Breaſt.
Th'aſtoniſh'd Lictors ran too late to ſave him.

RUFUS.

What Words can pay the Thanks we owe to *Brutus*,
For his unwearied Toils to ſerve his Country?
Too mild the Fate of this audacious Traytor! ——
For theſe perfidious Arts of ſmooth-tongu'd *Cælius*,
Eternal Infamy ſhall brand his Name!
Is he eſcap'd, rejoicing in his Crimes?

BRU-

BRUTUS.

Cælius was far advanc'd. Our Troops purſu'd,
And ſeiz'd him near the *Tuſcan* Camp with *Lucia*.
Doubt not, we ſoon ſhall dive into the Depth
Of this Conſpiracy. Active *Valerius*
Is now employ'd in finding out the Authors.
But when you know their Names, Fathers, beware
Nöt to betray the State by ill-tim'd Mercy.
Fulfill your Vows: Regard their Crimes alone.
Let us be juſt to *Rome*, nor ſpare the Guilty,
Thö' ev'n the deareſt Friends, Brothers, or Sons.
The Man who gives his Voice to pardon Treaſon,
Should be eſteem'd Accomplice with the Traytor.
[*To the Slave.*] *Vindex*, to whom indulgent Heav'n has given
A Dignity of Soul above thy Birth;
Thou, who haſt ſav'd the *Roman* State from Bondage,
Grateful Receive that Liberty we owe thee:
Be Free, and Equal to the greateſt *Roman*.

[*A Huzza without.*

What gives Occaſion to this ſudden Shout?

PROCULUS.

Cælius, conducted by a Guard, approaches.

BRUTUS.

Not all his Arts can cover, or diſguiſe
His flagrant Infamy. ——

SCENE II.

The Senate, Brutus, Cælius, *Lictors*.

CÆLIUS.

O! frantic *Romans*,
How dare you violate the Laws of Nations! ——

Your

Your frontleſs Lictors inſolently ſeiz'd me.
What means this Outrage on my Character?

BRUTUS.

Thy Character does but enhance thy Guilt:
No more appeal to a vain empty Title.

CÆLIUS.

A King's Ambaſſador ——

BRUTUS.

Ambaſſador!
Thou'rt but a dignify'd Conſpirator,
Preſuming to commit the baſeſt Crimes,
Beneath the Sanction of a Sacred Name.
The true Ambaſſador regards his Honour,
Nor ſtains by Treachery his awful Truſt:
Promoting ſtill Benevolence and Peace,
He's every where receiv'd with Reverence.
Try, if thy Actions ſuit this Character! ——
But know, the *Roman* State, tho' thus provok'd,
Will faithfully obey the Laws of Nations;
Nor farther Puniſhment on You inflict,
Than to behold thoſe perjur'd Parricides,
Whom You ſeduc'd, ſuffer the Fate they merit.
When that is paſt, go ſooth *Porſenna*'s Ear
With the Succeſs of this perfidious Scheme;
And, in thy Perſon thus diſmiſs'd Untouch'd,
Thro' all *Heſperia*'s States at once diſplay
The Lenity of *Rome* and thy Diſgrace.
Lictors, conduct him hence.

[*Exit* Cælius, *attended by two Lictors.*

SCENE III.

The Senate, Brutus, Valerius, Proculus.

BRUTUS.

Welcome, *Valerius.*
Haſt thou diſcover'd the Conſpirators?
But whence this Gloom? What means that downcaſt Look?
You tremble.

VALERIUS.

Remember thou art *Brutus.*

BRUTUS.

Explain thyſelf.

VALERIUS.

My Tongue faulters. [*He offers a Scroll to him.*
This ſecret Draught of the Conſpiracy,
In which the leading Rebels ſtand enroll'd,
Was by the Lictors ſeiz'd upon *Meſſala.*

BRUTUS, [*Looking upon the Scroll.*]

Are not my Eyes deceiv'd? Deteſted Day!
O wretched Father! — What! my Son *Tiberius!*
Forgive me, Senators —— Is he ſecur'd?
[*Returning the Scroll.*

VALERIUS.

He ſtood on his Defence with two bold Traytors,
Who rather choſe to die, than to ſurrender;
And, obſtinately fighting, near them fell. ——
But there remains a heavier Weight of Grief;
To *Rome,* to Thee, and Me, far more afflicting!

BRUTUS.

What do I hear?

VA-

VALERIUS.

Reſume, and read again
This dreadful Liſt.

BRUTUS.

O Torture! Torture! —— *Titus!* ——

[*He falls into the Arms of* Proculus.

SILVIUS.

What! *Titus* charg'd with practiſing Rebellion!
After ſuch glorious Deeds in our Defence,
Can He, at laſt, be faithleſs to his Country?
If his ingenuous Boſom harbours Treaſon,
Where ſhall we ſeek for Honour, Truth, and Virtue?
Who can be ſafe, when *Titus* is accus'd?

RUFUS.

I value and admire, no leſs than *Silvius*,
Th'heroic Worth of your Illuſtrious Son.

[*To* Brutus.

But we're no Strangers to his headſtrong Paſſions;
We know to what Exceſs he was tranſported,
When his ambitious Views were lately check'd.
How far a blind Reſentment may prevail,
'Tis hard to ſay. But if, which Heav'n avert!
Th'unhappy Youth has been ſeduc'd by *Cælius*,
I'll joyfully concur in any Meaſures
To teſtify our Gratitude to *Brutus*.
Perhaps *Valerius* can inform us farther.

VALERIUS.

I found him wand'ring in a lonely Place,
Anxious, unarm'd, diſmay'd, and full of Horror;
His down-caſt Eyes and folded Arms confeſs'd,
Some mighty Woe ſat heavy on his Soul.

BRUTUS.

Fathers, return without me to the Capitol;
I ought not now to take a Seat among you.
Juſtly exterminate my guilty Race:
Nor will I there attend you, leſt my Preſence
Shou'd ſeem deſign'd t'arreſt your ſpeedy Vengeance.
[*Exeunt* Valerius *and all the Senators.*

SCENE IV.

BRUTUS.

To Your Decrees, great Gods! I am reſign'd.
You, by my Hands, have rear'd this noble Fabrick
Of Legal Power, and Public Liberty,
Fix'd on the Baſis of Eternal Juſtice,
And promiſing to laſt a Length of Ages! ----
Yet in an Hour, my own unnatural Sons
Would have deſtroy'd this fair and ſtately Structure,
Had not juſt Heav'n blaſted their impious Purpoſe.--
O! Power Supreme! --- Father of Men and Gods!
Strengthen the generous Hands that fight for Freedom,
And ſtrike a Terror thro' the Foes of *Rome!* ---
Remov'd from Public View, I may diſcard
The awful Rigour of a *Roman* Conſul,
And with Paternal Pity mourn my Sons,
By too ſevere a Fate, at once cut off,
In early Youth, with everlaſting Shame,
(O killing Thought!) as Traytors to their Country!
That thou, *Tiberius!* haſt conſpir'd with Tyrants,
To introduce Deſpotic Pow'r and Bondage,
Nature recoils! --- It ſinks my Soul with Sorrow! --
But then that *Titus* too, ſo brave a *Roman*,

Who

Who on this Day, diſtinguiſh'd by his Triumph,
Was crown'd with Laurels in the Capitol
By my own Hands, in Preſence of the People,
Hope of my Age, and Glory of his Country!
That he ſhould join in this Accurſed Scheme! ---
O *Titus! Titus!* would the Gods permit me
To offer up my Life to ranſom thine,
For Thee, my Son, I would contented die!
But Honour, Virtue, *Rome*, all, all forbid it! ---
O *Rome!* thou little know'ſt, what Pangs I feel,
To fix thy Rights, and make thee free and glorious!

SCENE V.

Brutus, Valerius, Proculus, *Lictors.*

VALERIUS.

Brutus, to Thee the Senate have transferr'd
Their Right of Judgment on thy Son's Offence.

BRUTUS.

To Me?

VALERIUS.

To Thee alone. ----

BRUTUS.

What of the reſt?

VALERIUS.

Their Sentence is already paſt.
Ev'n now perhaps the Lictor's dreaded Hand
Cuts off their forfeit Lives.

BRUTUS.

Say'ſt thou the Senate have to Me referr'd
The Fate of *Titus?*

VALERIUS.

Such is their Sovereign Will.

They think You merit this diſtinguiſh'd Honour.--
What Anſwer ſhall I bear?

BRUTUS.

That *Brutus* juſtly values this high Favour,
Which tho' he did not ſeek, he'll aim at leaſt
By an impartial Conduct to deſerve.----
But did not *Titus* yield without Reſiſtance,
Who might--You will excuſe my doubtful Heart--
He was the Hope of *Rome*---I feel I love him---

VALERIUS.

Lucia-----

BRUTUS.

Ha!

VALERIUS.

Lucia, this very Moment,
Too far confirms his Guilt.

BRUTUS.

Confirms his Guilt!

VALERIUS.

No ſooner ſhe beheld the fatal Scaffolds,
The gathering Crowd, the Lictors, and the Axes,
But this unhappy Maid, with frantic Sorrow
Tore her diſhevell'd Hair, and raving cry'd,
Is this the Royal Dower to *Titus* promis'd?
Speaking ſhe ſunk, oppreſs'd with mighty Woe!
The deadly Struggle o'er, and Life return'd,
Her Servants ſeize this Interval of Reaſon,
And with officious Care conduct her hither.

BRUTUS.

Juſt Gods!
[*After a Pauſe.*] Lictors, bring in *Titus*,

VA-

VALERIUS.

A Father's Grief deſerves to be rever'd.
Rome will approve whatever You decree. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Brutus, Proculus.

BRUTUS.

It cannot be.--- The more I weigh the Crime,
The more I am confirm'd he's Innocent.
The Man who fought ſo bravely for his Country,
Could ne'er conſpire to aid the Foes of *Rome*;
Nor from th'exalted Heights of Godlike Virtue,
Sink down at once a moſt abandon'd Villain!

PROCULUS.

Perhaps *Meſſala* ſpread this falſe Report,
To countenance his own deſtructive Scheme.

BRUTUS.

Would to the Gods it prove no more!

PROCULUS.

But if 'tis poſſible to think him guilty;
Th'indulgent Senate ſtill allows his Pardon.
You may preſerve this Heroe for the State.
He's now your only Son.

BRUTUS.

I am a *Roman* Conſul.

SCENE VII.

Brutus, Lucia *with diſhevell'd Hair*, *Attendants*.

Lucia *runs*, *and throws herſelf on her Knees before* Brutus.

LUCIA.

See, *Brutus*, See a Princeſs at thy Feet,

To beg the Life of thy unhappy Son.
O! let her not intreat in vain for Mercy!
'Twas I, 'twas I ſeduc'd th'unwary Youth;
Mine was the Crime, be mine the Puniſhment!
Pour all your Wrath on this devoted Head;
I'll bear it all; but ſpare his Life more precious.
I call great *Jove*, and ev'ry Power to witneſs,
His only Fault was too much Love for *Lucia!*

BRUTUS.

O! born in evil Hour, t'afflict the *Romans*,
Ceaſe to inflame my Grief and Indignation! —
Has *Titus* then conſpir'd to aid *Porſenna?*
If ſo, he muſt expect the juſt Reward,
Due to the Guilt of his enormous Crimes.
Therefore retire; ſollicit me no more.
I can no longer hear thy vain Petition. [*Riſing.*
For Thee, ſo fatally belov'd by *Titus*,
Thou ſhalt be ſafe conducted to thy Father.

[*Exeunt* Brutus *and* Proculus.

LUCIA.

No, cruel Man! unworthy ſuch a Son,
Deaf as the Winds, or raging Seas, to Pity,
Lucia rejects with Scorn the Grace you offer!
Tho' weak my Frame, yet ſtill my Soul is *Roman.*
Brutus and *Rome* ſhall ſee, this gallant Youth
Plac'd not his Love upon a worthleſs Object.

SCENE VIII.

As Lucia, *&c. are going off the Stage, they meet* Titus *led in by the Lictors.*

Titus, Lucia, *&c.*

TITUS, ſtarting.

Ha! *Lucia* here? *LU-*

LUCIA.

O my much-injur'd *Titus!*
In vain I have eſſay'd, with Pray'rs and Tears,
To gain thy Pardon from relentleſs *Brutus.*
His Heart is ſteel'd to ev'ry tender Paſſion.
Hence he retir'd, to ſhun my hated Preſence ——
Behold, juſt Heav'n! — This Father of his Country,
So watchful to preſerve the *Roman* Laws,
Himſelf now violating thoſe of Nature,
With his Son's Blood pollutes his Savage Hands!

TITUS.

Blame not my Father. All the Guilt is mine!
Thoſe Sacred Laws I wildly have tranſgreſs'd,
Extort the Sentence I ſo juſtly merit.
I haſten to the Land of dark Oblivion,
Where racking Thought ſhall torture me no more!

LUCIA.

Have I betray'd the beſt and braveſt *Roman,*
The Man for whom I wou'd have gladly dy'd?
Unutterable Anguiſh overwhelms me! ——

TITUS.

Forbear to pierce my Heart with thy Complainings! ——
My Soul was buſied with the Thoughts of Death;
Tempt me no more to wiſh for Life again!
Nature's too weak to bear this dreadful Conflict!
[*Leaning upon her.*
[*Recovering, after a Pauſe.*
May no Misfortunes grieve thy joyous Days;
Yet deign ſometimes to think on wretched *Titus!*
Remember,

Remember, with his dying Breath he bleſt thee!
O! let me ſtill indulge the pleaſing Hope,
That thou ſhalt live, live happy many Years,
And Heav'n will crown thee with its choiceſt Gifts!
Then ſhall I meet my Fate without Reluctance,
Nor once repine againſt the Gods, or *Brutus!*—
Thou faireſt Pattern of tranſcendent Goodneſs,
Farewell! Farewell! — for ever! [*Embracing her.*

LUCIA.

O! Farewell!
Thou matchleſs Heroe! and too-generous Lover!
If I cou'd cheriſh now One Thought of Life,
I ſhou'd deteſt the Baſeneſs of my Heart!
Thy glorious Shade I'll meet in Realms below,
Where thy fierce Father's Anger cannot reach us!--
Nor Pain, nor Grief, our virtuous Souls ſhall know,
But with Love's pureſt Flames for ever glow.
Thy Fate, dear lovely Youth, with Joy I'll ſhare,
And thus eſcape from ev'ry racking Care!
[*Stabbing herſelf.*

TITUS, upon ſeeing Lucia *kill herſelf, at firſt ſtarts; and then ſtands awhile ſilent, as ſtupify'd with Grief. At laſt he breaks forth into this Exclamation.*

Break, ſtubborn Heart, and end my Miſeries!--
'Tis done. The Pangs of Death, at length, are paſt!
Heroic Maid!---- thy great Example ſhows,
With how much Eaſe a Mind reſolv'd may die!---

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Brutus, Titus, Proculus.

PROCULUS, [*coming up to* Titus.]
Behold, my Lord, *Brutus* approaches.

TITUS.
'Tis my Father! O painful Moments! [*Aside.*

PROCULUS, [*seeing the dead Body.*]
Ha! *Lucia* slain? I tremble now for *Titus.*
The Gods relentless punish *Tarquin*'s Race!
Lictors, remove the Body.

TITUS.
Open, thou Earth! beneath these stagg'ring Feet,
And cover me with everlasting Night!

BRUTUS.
Of two beloved Sons, the Gift of Heaven,
Tiberius is no more! --- Now tell me, *Titus*,
Have I One Son yet left?

TITUS.
You have No Son.

BRUTUS.
Then answer to thy Judge, Bane of my Life!
[*He sits down.*
Did'st thou resolve, in open Violation
Of every Sacred Tye, to kill thy Father,
And to betray the Liberties of *Rome?*

TITUS.
My self-divided Heart resolv'd on Nothing.
A deadly Poyson prey'd upon my Soul;
I was, and am a Stranger to myself:
I wander in a Labyrinth of Crimes.

My

My guilty Heart rebell'd a ſingle Moment;
That Moment ſtains the Luſtre of my Actions;
That Moment brands me with Eternal Shame;
And makes ev'n Life itſelf a Burden to me.
Rome, which looks up to *Brutus* as her Father,
Unſettled *Rome* requires ſome great Example.
By my juſt Puniſhment, then ſtrike a Terror
On all who meditate, like me, her Ruin,
And would reſtore a Prince they have abjur'd.
Pronounce my Doom, I ſtand prepar'd to hear it.
Thus ſhall my Blood be never ſpilt in vain,
But by my Death I ſhall preſerve my Country.

BRUTUS.

Good Gods! ſuch Courage with ſuch Falſhood join'd!
How ſtrangely are his Crimes and Virtues blended!
[*Aſide.*
Amid thy Laurels and Triumphal Joys,
And all th'illuſtrious Trophies of thy Arms,
What jealous God, Foe to the *Roman* Name,
Could prompt thy Soul to ſuch a horrid Deed?

TITUS.

A cruel Train of complicated Paſſions;
Ambition, Hate, Revenge, a ſudden Frenzy---

BRUTUS.

Conclude, unhappy Wretch!

TITUS.

A guilty Flame,
The torturing Source of all my dire Misfortunes.
But 'tis too much---I ſhock your injur'd Patience
By this Recital of my baneful Love----

My

My frantic Rage and Woes are at the Height!
Finiſh my Life, my Crimes, and my Deſpair,
Your own Diſgrace and mine!-- But if this Hand
E'er fought ſucceſsfully for *Rome* and Freedom;
If e'er I follow'd in the glorious Paths,
Which You have trod, and panted after Virtue,
And if my Death deſerves a Father's Pity,
[*He throws himſelf on his Knees.*
Open your Arms to your relenting Son!
Give him the Comfort of One kind Embrace,
Before he is remov'd for Ever from thee!
O! ſay at leaſt, that *Brutus* does not hate him:
Theſe Words will ſave my Memory from Shame,
And ſilence the Reproach of buſy Tongues.
'Twill chear my Soul in its departing Moments,
To think you pity, and forgive my Crime,
That ſtill you love, and own me for your Son!

BRUTUS.

His juſt Remorſe with deeper Anguiſh wounds me! [*Aſide.*

* " The violated Genius of thy Country
" Rears his ſad Head, and paſſes Sentence on thee.
Go, *Proculus*, conduct him to his Fate.---
[Brutus *lifts him up in his Arms.*
Ariſe, thou piercing Object of my Sorrow!
Deluſive Hope of my declining Years!
Embrace thy wretched Father! --- May the Gods
Arm thee with Patience to ſupport thy Sufferings!
The Sovereign Magiſtrate of injur'd *Rome*,

---

* *Theſe two Lines are taken from Mr.* Lee.

Entruſted

Entruſted with the Care of Public Juſtice,
Was bound by his high Office to condemn
A Crime, the Father's bleeding Heart forgives!
Go meet thy Fate with a more manly Courage,
Than Grief will let me ſhow in parting from thee!
See! while I ſpeak, my ſtreaming Eyes confeſs,
How dear thou art to this afflicted Breaſt,
And how reluctantly I tear thee from it!
Thou haſt liv'd a *Roman*, like a *Roman* die;
And, while ſhe puniſhes, let *Rome* admire thee!

TITUS.

May Heav'n prolong th'important Life of *Brutus!*
Worthy his Name, I now ſhall die content.

[*Exit* Titus, *guarded by the Lictors.*

BRUTUS.

Farewell, thou much-belov'd ill-fated Youth!
Tho' thou art ſnatch'd untimely from the Earth,
My Miſery is heavier far than thine;
For all thy Pangs will in a Moment paſs,
But I am doom'd to bear a ling'ring Death;
And to the Urn my hoary Head deſcends,
Bow'd down with Grief, and never-ceaſing Woes!
How hard the Task, when partial Nature pleads,
To yield the Father's, to the Patriot's Claim!

SCENE X.

Brutus, Valerius.

VALERIUS.

The Senators, with Sympathizing Sorrow,
Condole with *Brutus* on this great Affliction.

BRU-

BRUTUS.

I ſtand indebted to their Love --- But now
The threat'ning Dangers that ſurround the *Romans*,
Claim all our Thoughts, and chace domeſtic Woes.
Our Enemies prepare a freſh Attack;
Then let us boldly meet them in the Field,
Reſigning to the Gods our righteous Cauſe.
I look on all *Rome*'s Citizens as Sons:
It is their Duty now, with double Ardour,
To emulate that Heroe's ſhining Virtues,
Who, to preſerve their Rights, was doom'd to die,
While green in Youth, and deck'd with blooming Honours!
O! may my Blood be ſpilt in their Defence,
As poor deluded *Titus* ſhou'd have fall'n!

SCENE the Laſt.

Brutus, Valerius, Proculus.

BRUTUS.

Say, *Proculus*, what Tidings doſt thou bring?

PROCULUS.

Your Son, my Lord, with dauntleſs Reſolution—

BRUTUS.

Forbear! The Fatal Debt is paid to Juſtice,
And *Rome* is free. Return we Thanks to Heav'n!
REASON's juſt Laws with jealous Care obey,
And never from the Paths of VIRTUE ſtray.
It will be vain, illuſtrious Deeds to boaſt,
When by One Crime, the Fame of All is loſt.

End of the Fifth Act.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *HERON.*

OUR modeſt Bard, faithful to Virtue's Cauſe,
Diſdains by Ribaldry to court Applauſe.—
You've ſeen unhappy Titus *doom'd to prove*
The Axe's fatal Blow for too much Love.
A Fault to which Forgiveneſs ſure was due,
If Tragic Poets any Mercy knew.
But if his Puniſhment Severe ſhould ſeem,
And his High Virtues merit your Eſteem,
Your generous Approbation Fame ſhall give,
And make him with Immortal Glory live!—
The artleſs Thoughts of an enamour'd Maid
Are in bright Lucia's *Character diſplay'd.*
Woes Undeſerv'd, and Virtue in Deſpair,
Juſtly affect the Sympathizing Fair.
If then for Her, your tender Boſoms heave,
Indulge the pleaſing Pain, nor bluſh to grieve.
By Feign'd Affliction mov'd, your Hearts confeſs,
How great the Joy to aid Unfeign'd Diſtreſs!
From Inſtincts ſo benevolent we find,
How ſtrong a Byas ſways the Human Mind,
To love whate'er is virtuous, kind, and true,
And to Admire Heav'n's faireſt Frame in YOU!

4 AP 54

FINIS.

35°